



No. 25.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.

TWIN SINGERS.

A CHAT WITH THE SISTERS RAVOGLI.

The sisters Ravogli occupy a unique place in the operatic world. They are seldom, if ever, heard apart, either on the stage or in drawing-rooms, and a short chat with the two charming Italians soon convinces even the most sceptical of *Sketch* interviewers that their devotion to one another and the *petite maman* who never leaves their side is as genuine as it is unaffected in expression.

"We are Romans," simultaneously exclaimed both signorine in reply to a question, "and are very proud of having been born in the Eternal City; but our musical studies were, of course, conducted at Milan."

"And do you come of a musical family?" I inquired, remembering that in Italy the same family often produces many *prime donne*.

"No," replied Giulia, simply. "Our father belonged to the Vatican party, or 'blacks,' and thus, although educated, as are most young Roman girls, in a convent school, without any thought of a professional career, on our family losing their fortune our parents decided that we should turn our musical talents to account. I was fifteen, my sister fourteen, when our mother took us to Milan. A couple of years later we made our debut in Malta, which was of good omen, for the English have always been specially kind to us."

"I suppose you have made a specialty of the Italian operas?"

"We sing most of the classic répertoire; indeed, our most popular parts are in Gluck's 'Orfeo.' We naturally prefer singing in an opera where we can both take a rôle—for instance, 'Carmen,' in which one can take the title-part, while the other plays Michaela. Still, we are not the Siamese twins, and occasionally," added Sofia, "we appear by ourselves."

"And before coming to England in 1889 had you made many professional tours on the Continent?"

"Oh, yes. We have sung in Spain and in Denmark, and, of course, all over Italy, but we have yet to go to Paris. We went to America last year, and were most kindly treated, but still it was good to get home again, for our mother, who has never left us since we began studying, felt greatly the separation from the rest of the family."

"Then you go through the world strictly chaperoned, signorine?"

Both sisters nodded their pretty dark heads. "Yes, indeed; she does not even allow us to go to the theatre alone, but always comes with us and helps us to dress. People are often astonished that we do not get

married," observed Signorina Sofia, with a bright glance. "But we should be miserable away from one another, and it will be no easy task to find two brothers who will both love us and be beloved by us. In short, unless we find such a combination, we always tell our friends that we should prefer to remain single."

"Then you do not believe in the married artiste?"

"Frankly, no—at least, as far as we are concerned. Of course, a great many singers find in their husbands not only a friend but a man of

business and secretary as well, and no doubt there have been times when we should have found such an adjunct highly useful. But, on the whole, we cannot help thinking that a married woman owes herself to her husband, to her children, and to her home rather than to the stage. I think you will find that as a rule when we Italian girls marry we give up our art, or, rather, only keep it for a home audience."

"Talking of audiences, Signorina, do you find that these differ greatly? I suppose it would be invidious to ask you whom you consider your best public?"

The sisters smiled discreetly. "Each country produces its own audience, in which you find repeated the characteristic faults and virtues of the nation. For instance, it is delightful singing at home; the Italians are so very enthusiastic; they scream with joy when a brilliant passage is well executed; on the other hand, they constantly interrupt a singer with manifestations of approval which cannot but be trying sometimes. Here in England the public are most respectful, and always hear a song or passage through before they begin applauding, and show none of the wild enthusiasm we are accustomed to in Italy, but still it is easy to see when they are satisfied. In America all is different. Although the land of the Stars and Stripes is a democratic country, certain personalities and certain newspapers make rain or fine weather as they will. If an artiste is the fashion,

she will sing to crowded houses and enthusiastic audiences. But the spectators do not judge for themselves of the value or worthlessness of a performance; they allow this to be done for them before they take their seats at the theatre."

"Of course, spontaneous recognition is specially dear to an artiste?"

"Ah, yes, that is the best reward."

And then Signorina Giulia and Signorina Sofia break forth in quaint Italianised English in praise of each other in as sweet and harmonious a duet as any they are ever heard in by their admirers, in delightful contrast to the usual tone adopted by sister artistes and artiste sisters when discussing each other's perfections and various qualities.



Photo by Elliot and Fry, Baker Street, W.

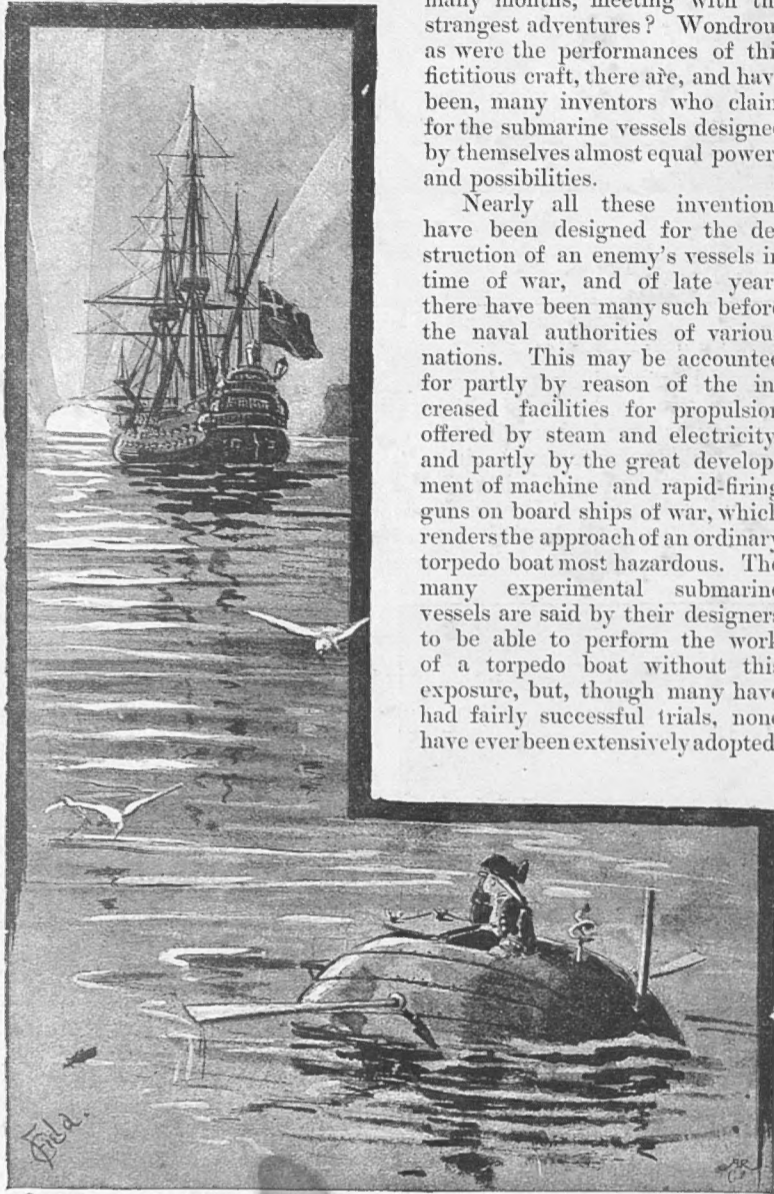
THE SISTERS RAVOGLI AS ORFEO AND EURYDICE.

SUBMARINE WAR VESSELS.

Who among the readers of Jules Verne's exciting romances has not been fascinated by the marvellous submarine boat in "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," in which the mysterious Captain Nemo and his

involuntary guests voyaged for many months, meeting with the strangest adventures? Wondrous as were the performances of this fictitious craft, there are, and have been, many inventors who claim for the submarine vessels designed by themselves almost equal powers and possibilities.

Nearly all these inventions have been designed for the destruction of an enemy's vessels in time of war, and of late years there have been many such before the naval authorities of various nations. This may be accounted for partly by reason of the increased facilities for propulsion offered by steam and electricity, and partly by the great development of machine and rapid-firing guns on board ships of war, which renders the approach of an ordinary torpedo boat most hazardous. The many experimental submarine vessels are said by their designers to be able to perform the work of a torpedo boat without this exposure, but, though many have had fairly successful trials, none have ever been extensively adopted,



BUSHNELL'S NAVIGATOR ABANDONS HIS ATTEMPT ON THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

and none have ever done anything in actual warfare except one that was built by the Southerners in the American Civil War, which certainly blew up her opponent, but destroyed herself and her crew at the same time.

One of the earliest submarine vessels was that invented by Cornelius van Drebbel, a Dutchman. It was propelled by twelve oars, and exhibited on the Thames in the presence of King James I., who, careful as he usually was of his royal person, is said to have ventured a descent in her.

Passing over another built by a Frenchman at Amsterdam in 1653, we come to the "diving boat" of David Bushnell, an American, who attempted to destroy the British ships in the Delaware River in the year 1776. This craft was built of wood, and is said to have resembled two tortoise-shells joined together at the edges. She was moved backwards and forwards by means of oars, and upwards and downwards by a method of pumping water in and out. She carried an iron box of powder on the outside, connected to a large wood screw by a length of rope. This screw was so fitted that the navigator could screw it into the bottom of a ship of war, and release both it and the powder-case, which would float up against the vessel, and explode at a given time by means of clockwork. So much for

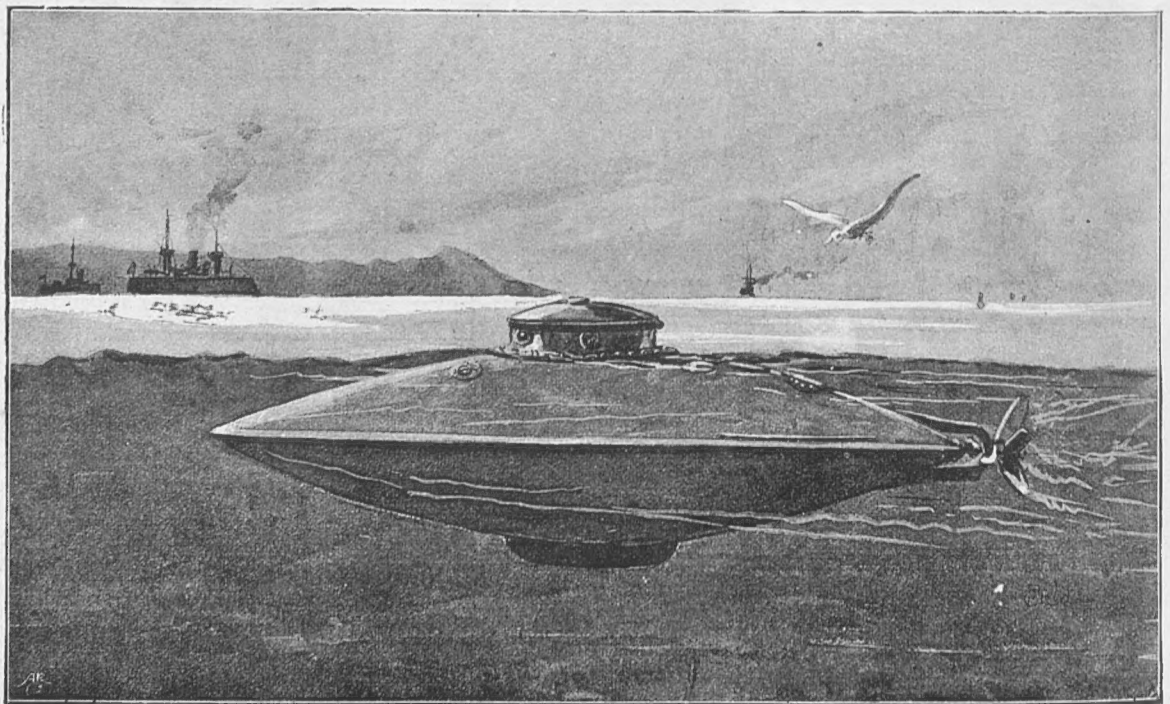
the theory. However, when the "diving boat" at length managed to get below the Eagle, a British fifty-gun frigate, in the small hours of the morning, the operator found himself vainly trying to fix his screw, as he had struck the ironwork supporting her rudder. Before he could try elsewhere the tide swept him away, and he lost the ship. After some time he ventured to the surface, and, finding it to be daylight, made off as fast as he could. The boat was afterwards tried in the Hudson River with as little result.

Another American—Fulton by name—designed an improvement on Bushnell's vessel, which he took over to France in 1797, thinking that Napoleon would be glad to employ it against the English fleet. Although she was experimentally a success, the French Government refused to adopt it, Admiral Decrès expressing his opinion that such an invention "was only fit for Algerines and pirates." Fulton then tried England, where he succeeded in blowing up a ship in the Downs; but Lord St. Vincent persuaded Pitt, who witnessed the experiment, that it would be folly to encourage a contrivance which might eventually threaten Britain's naval supremacy, and its inventor, in disgust, took it and himself back to America. Here he afterwards built or planned two or three others, one of which was taken as a model for a submarine boat intended to have been the means of Napoleon's escape from St. Helena. A conspiracy to this end had been formed, the boat ordered, and one Johnson, a noted smuggler, selected to command it, when the death of the great Emperor put a termination to the project.

In 1830 a French naval officer, M. Montgéry, designed a submarine ship of war of large size, to be manned by ninety-six men, and armed with guns, rockets, and torpedoes, but nothing practical came of his idea. In the American Civil War a submarine boat was tried, as related above; and the Russians also built several boats about this time without any great results.

This brings us to the modern submarine vessels, as those may be called which have been invented since the locomotive or fish torpedo has come into general use in the navies of the world. Nordenfeldt, the well-known machine-gun maker, has built, perhaps, more than any other inventor. His first was 64 ft. long and 9 ft. in diameter; his two next, which were built to the order of the Turkish Government, 100 ft. long, 12 ft. in diameter, and 160 tons displacement. Another, built at Barrow-in-Furness, is of 250 tons, and 125 ft. long, strongly built of steel, one inch thick at the top, so that even at the surface she would offer some resistance to the smaller projectiles fired at her. All these boats are propelled by steam in the ordinary way till it becomes necessary to go below the surface of the water, when funnels and furnaces are hermetically sealed. If all has been properly arranged, there will still be sufficient steam to carry the vessel some miles at a fair speed. The crew, generally about nine men, breathe the natural air contained in the boats, which, from their size, is sufficient to last them several hours. Immersion and rising are effected by the admission and ejection of water as ballast, as in Bushnell's invention of one hundred years previously, further accelerated by horizontal screw propellers. The following account of the trials of one of his 100 ft. boats at Constantinople will give a general idea of their performances—

"Being directed to attack a steamer lying off the Scutari side as a surface boat, the Nordenfeldt, turning in a little over her own length, darted across the current. End on, very little was seen of her, and the eye once removed, she was not very readily discovered again, in spite of the direction being known, on account of the absence of smoke and the very light colour of the outside painting. Even on the broadside there was very little of the hull to be seen while running, on account of the screen formed by the bow wave. She seems to divide the water like a plough, throwing up a furrow on either side. . . . As she neared the

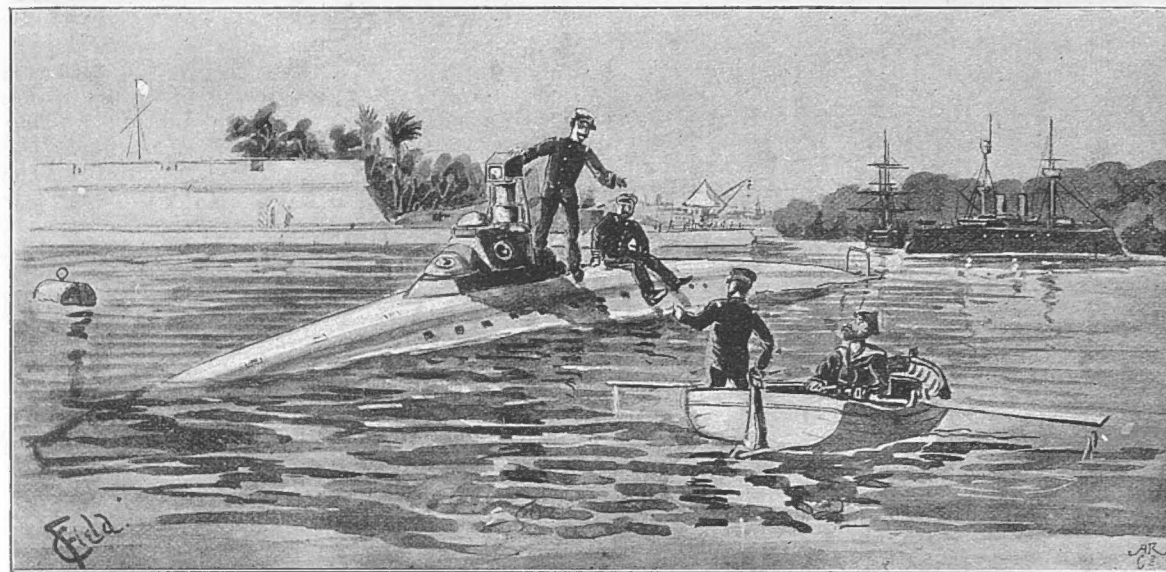


THE "GOUBET" RECONNOITRING ITS PREY.

vessel, two jets of water were suddenly thrown upwards, to fall in showers of spray. This marked the moment of delivering her attack. The tube doors being thrown open for the release of her Whiteheads, the water rushing in forced out the air through the vent-holes at the rear, with the above-described effect. At that moment she looked more like a whale than ever, and might easily have been taken by the most knowing Greenlander for a big fish spouting. . . . Orders were given for a second attack . . . as a submarine boat. The vessel being at no great distance, she steamed slowly ahead, so as to afford time for getting

curiously shaped vessel, 30 ft. long, 7 ft. 6 in. beam, and 6 ft. in depth. Her screw is driven by steam, generated by a solution of caustic potash in place of a fire. Two men comprise her crew, and compressed air is carried in cylinders for their breathing. Her inventor has followed Bushnell's method of attack, her means of offence consisting of two cases of explosives, embedded in cork floats, and fitted with powerful magnets. These are connected together by a short chain, and when the Peacemaker passes below her enemy they are released and intended to float up and affix themselves on either side of her keel. The Peacemaker, retiring to a safe distance, fires them by means of an electric wire.

In this, as in most of the more modern submarine vessels, the inventor's claims seem to have been fairly well realised, experimentally; but neither this nor any other has as yet taken any decided place among the various appliances of modern naval warfare. Perhaps, even if an ideal perfection were attained, such a boat would not be found to be of really any preponderating value in actual hostilities. Although shielded from missiles and concealed from view while under water, she would be of little use unless able to destroy her enemy. This may not be so easy as would at first appear. Should she use a locomotive torpedo for this purpose, she must be able, if not actually to see, at least to be perfectly certain of the exact position of her adversary before discharging it. This while under water is almost impossible unless the



THE "PERAL" AT THE SURFACE.

rid of the extra buoyancy and closing up. Soon there was little to be seen of her but the hump-like dome, and, having turned towards the enemy, it was difficult to keep her in view. Suddenly she was lost sight of, to appear, however, shortly afterwards, rounding the bows of the vessel from the other side. She had, as it were, dived to deliver her blow, and then turned off to avoid pursuit."

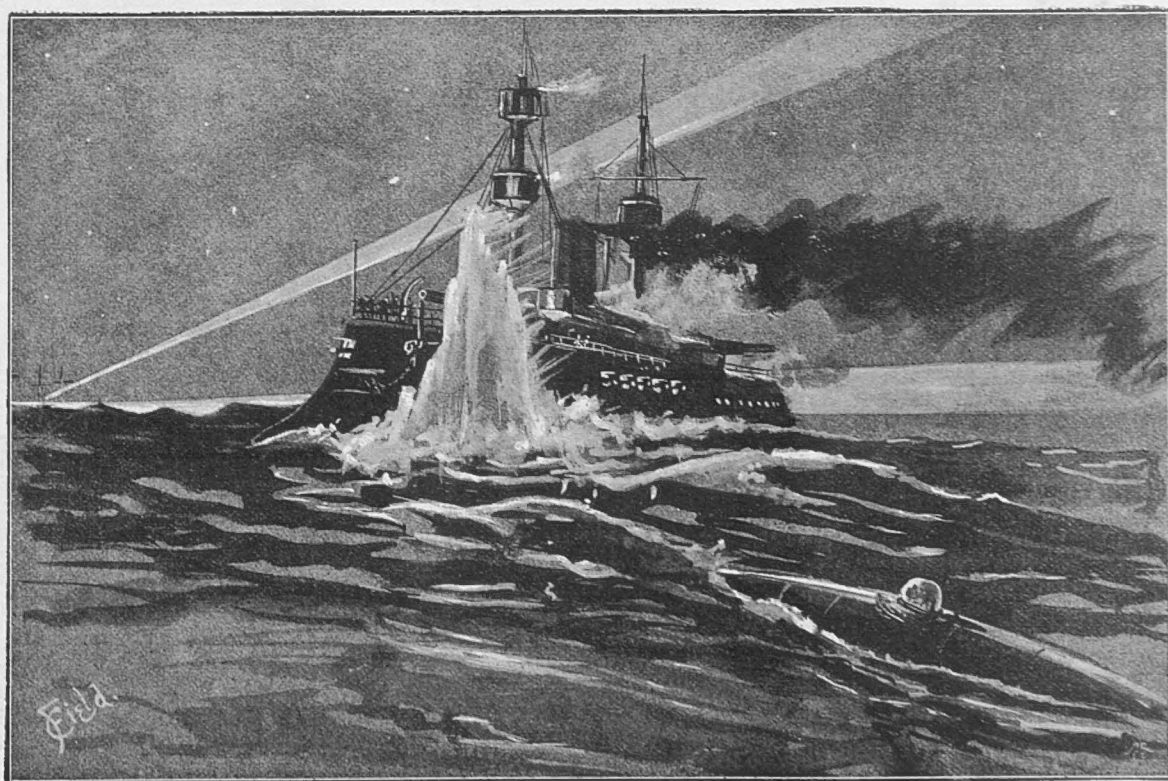
Our neighbours the French think that they have almost solved the problem of submarine navigation with the "fish-boat" Goubet, which is said to be cast in one piece of bronze, and is 18 ft. long and 6 ft. in diameter. She is propelled by electricity, and, it is stated, can remain under water for twenty-four hours at a time. Her crew of four men are supplied with air replenished from tubes containing oxygen in a compressed state.

The Gymnote, a much larger vessel, is also a French invention. She is 59 ft. long, and very like a giant Whitehead torpedo in appearance, and is steered from a small conning tower amidships. She was launched in 1888, and ran nine to ten knots under water on her trials.

The Spaniards, too, have constructed a submarine war vessel, 50 ft. in length, named the Peral, after her inventor, a lieutenant in the navy. She is cigar-shaped, as are most of these boats, and is propelled by two screws actuated by an electric motor. In the centre of the vessel rises a queer-looking erection, in which the captain takes his stand to steer her in her course and to project the rays of an electric light in whatever direction required. If necessary, fifty men can be carried in the Peral. So satisfied were the Spaniards with her trials that they thought they saw in her the forerunner of a fleet of like vessels which would enable them to regain their old naval prestige, and, to quote a Buenos Ayres journal, "give absolute supremacy to old Spain, who will impress her law upon all nations, humiliating the haughtiness and pride which are wont to swagger under the mask of a hypocritical humanity and, as insidious meddlers, to extend their dominions, increase their influence, and an odious supervision over feeble races." These opinions must have been since modified, as it does not appear that there have been any more Perals launched.

The last submarine boat to be here described is the invention of Professor Tuck, of New York, and bears the suggestive name of the Peacemaker. She is a very

ship aimed at is at anchor, and the boat so near that the explosion of the torpedo would very probably be even more fatal to herself. If to guard against this she rose to the surface, she would be no better off than an ordinary torpedo boat—in fact, much worse, as the latter would be moving at a much higher speed, and, being in full view of her target, could fire her Whiteheads at a much longer range. On the other hand, Bushnell's and Tuck's method of floating charges to be attached to the ship's bottom does not seem very practicable at any time and impossible if the enemy was under way. To the difficulty of attacking must be added the uncertainty of keeping on a correct course, as below the surface of the sea there is comparative darkness even at a slight depth, and the steersman has to depend almost entirely on his compass, which would, however, be of very little use should the boat be taken out of her course by any current, to say nothing of the deleterious influences exercised upon it in a small vessel full, perhaps, of electrical machinery. Taking all these difficulties into account, therefore, it is not very probable that these fish-like vessels, ingeniously constructed though they are, will, at present, at any rate, be added to the many terrible engines of destruction which form the equipment of modern navies. Of course, the time may come when they will take their part in naval armament.



TORPEDOED.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Naval Manœuvres began on Tuesday week with the partial mobilisation of the fleet. At Sheerness twenty-one battleships, cruisers, and gunboats hoisted their pennants with one thousand men on board. At Portsmouth seventeen ships and torpedo boats were put in commission with 1896 men.

One warship sinks and another swims into the aching void. The new line-of-battle ship *Resolution*, being now complete, has arrived at Portsmouth from the Tyne, where she was launched in May last year. A sister to H.M.S. *Revenge*, the *Resolution* is one of the largest battleships afloat. An idea of the enormous size of the vessel may be gained from the fact that she is 40 ft. longer, 5 ft. broader, and has 3680 tons more displacement than the *Victoria*.

After three years of severe depression in the shipping trade, signs of improvement begin to appear. When the year opened, steamers representing nearly 600,000 tonnage were laid up in home ports, while a large number of sailing ships were idle on the west coast of America and in India. This tonnage is practically all at work, freights have improved, and are expected to continue doing so.

The Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, which held its fifty-fourth annual meeting on Wednesday, has relieved 450,000 persons since its foundation.

At last France has sent a successor to M. Waddington in London. The new Ambassador, M. Decrais, is just four-and-fifty. As Ambassador to Italy during the most critical period of the negotiations between Germany and the Vatican, he showed himself to be an industrious, conciliatory, and reflecting man. As a diplomatist, he is said to prefer amicable solutions.

It may be questioned whether the interest of the general public in the shooting season at Bisley has ever been so great as it was in the old days at Wimbledon. Among marksmen themselves the new range is becoming yearly more popular. The camp this year has begun with a spell of dullish weather, which is pleasant enough if for nothing but the sake of variety after the monotony of weeks of broiling sun.

Mr. Gardner is inflexible over the Canadian cattle question. Another influential deputation waited on him last week, one speaker pointing out that the free entry of cattle had been stopped simply because three diseased lungs had been found in 40,000 cattle. But the Minister of Agriculture would not budge from the position he has taken up, holding that there was not such reasonable security at present against disease as to allow the privilege of free entry. So the deputation withdrew with long faces.

Men's evil deeds are writ in brass, but effacement is not so difficult nowadays as it once was. The name of Jabez Spencer Balfour is gradually being blotted out from his old haunts. His portrait was banished some time ago from the Croydon Town Hall, and other instances of attempts to forget Jabez have been frequent in the surrounding country. But the funniest incident of all has occurred in a chapel, which bore a corner-stone announcing that J. S. B. laid it. The deacons contemplated its effacement, when an unknown workman during the night obliterated the words and then white-washed the stone. He is not likely to be charged with malicious mischief.

The Salvation Army has reached its twenty-eighth year, and still lives. The event was celebrated by an enthusiastic meeting in Exeter Hall on Thursday, when General Booth was the hero of the hour. Figures always tell, and here the General scored heavily, when he told the great crowd that Great Britain now mustered 1203 corps, 110 outposts, and 4466 officers. Abroad there are 1915 corps, 1154 outposts, and 6383 officers, making a total of 3118 corps, 1264 outposts, and 10,849 officers. At home and abroad there are 234 social institutions, worked by 875 officers, and £53,000 was expended in countries outside Great Britain in social operations.

Lucerne has had the honour of housing the first of the Churches Reunion Conferences organised by Rev. Dr. Lunn, and held under the presidency of Canon Fremantle, of Canterbury. About 250 members, representing nearly every religious sect, have been sitting at the conference.

History repeats itself, for Drury Lane furnishes us with another "rejected address." The proprietors petitioned the Duke of Bedford, who is the ground landlord, to renew the lease, which expires so soon. But his Grace has other views. "Estate policy" demands its demolition after 266 years of life.

Early next month Sheffield will have the foundation of a new theatre laid by Sir Augustus Harris amid much civic ceremony. The theatre, which is to be built on city land, and will be called the City Theatre, is designed to hold 3000 people. Is this a step towards the municipalisation of theatres?

Madame Patti received at Craig-y-Nos one day last week a most charming portrait of the Princess of Wales, signed by the royal donor. The picture makes an appropriate companion to the portrait of the Prince of Wales presented by his Royal Highness a short time ago.

The skilled labour market during June did not show such improvement as might have been anticipated from the returns for May. Nor is the future brighter, for the notice of 25 per cent. reduction on miners' wages in the Federation districts is likely to lead to a widespread dispute.

Once upon a time, Mr. Spencer Jermyn, an elderly gentleman with more heart than head, founded a Jockeys' Home at Shodley Heath. Everybody who had the good fortune to see Mr. Pinero's "Hobby Horse" will remember what a lamentable fiasco the home proved to be. The philanthropic racing community at Newmarket, headed by Sir John Astley and the Vicar of All Saints', have done more wisely than Mr. Spencer Jermyn by catching the jockey young, for the spacious Stablemen's Institute, which the Prince of Wales opened last week, was started thirteen years ago to provide recreation and amusement for the stable lads. It has waxed strong in the intervening years, necessitating the erection of the fine new building.

Lucky Manchester! The Whitworth Institute has just received another donation of £50,000 from the legatees of the founder.

The royal wedding has brought a baronetcy to the Lord Mayor of London, while the two sheriffs are to be knighted.

The great public schools demand a large amount of attention at this time of the year, more especially Winchester, which celebrates its five-hundredth anniversary next week, while Marlborough College has been holding its jubilee. About five hundred Old Marlburians, some of them dating from the foundation of the college, dined in the school on Wednesday, when Mr. Bosworth Smith went so far as to say that into its fifty years of life Marlborough had packed as much history as many schools did in two or three centuries.

The Legislative Body of Guernsey has adopted the principle of a Bill by which, in case of refusal, the ratepayers of the different parishes of the island will be constrained to maintain the primary education schools, with State assistance. The measure has been brought forward in view of the crisis that took place in March last, when, by a vote of the ratepayers of St. Peter-Port, the schools had to be closed, and remained so for six weeks, until reopened by the local Government.

"The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" seems to have become already a thing of the past. Even the story of his rocket-like rise, as sung in the music halls, is seldom heard. One has to look to the prosaic department of the Official Receiver to get tidings of "Charles Deville Wells, late of the Prison, Havre, France." It appears that Wells was educated in France, and carried on a paper manufactory in Paris. He came across to this country eight years ago with £3000, which he lost in a hundred patents which he took out.

The money which he staked at Monte Carlo was provided by an "American gentleman," whom the convict declines to name. This financier was content with a certain percentage of the profits, Wells scooping in £20,000 for his own share. This sum, he says, all went in patents, for he had a mania on this point.

Most people in the course of twelve months find themselves in the possession of a bad coin. This is a rather alarming statement, especially in view of the consequences—the liability to imprisonment. Yet it was no less than the presiding genius of Bow Street who gave utterance to it on Wednesday, when a medical student was charged with passing a bad half-crown in a Strand restaurant. The youth, of course, did not know it was bad; indeed, his solicitors say there was no evidence that the bad half-crown was the one received from their client. In any case, the medical student left the Court "without a stain on his character."

We regret that a page of "Sketches at Ascot," which appeared in our issue of June 21, was inadvertently attributed to Mr. Phil May. It should have borne the signature of "R. A. B.," and we beg to tender our apologies to the artists for our error.

"THE SKETCH" AS AN INSURANCE PREMIUM.

It has been left to the Proprietors of *The Sketch* to devise a new method of Newspaper Insurance, worthy the attention of all readers. To every annual subscriber to this Journal a Coupon will be sent, to be signed by the holder. With this in one's possession, one may travel by rail through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom with an easy mind for a whole year, for should the holder be killed, by any accident to the train, £1000 will be paid to his or her next-of-kin by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, 40, 42, and 44, Moorgate Street, E.C. Thus the purchase of *The Sketch* is really an Insurance Premium.

THE SAILING OF THE AUTOCRAT.

On board the *Cephalonia*, April 26, 1886.

Mr. Thomas Baily Aldrich, the well-known American writer, sends us the following amended form of some verses which he recently contributed to *Harper's Magazine*—

O Wind and Wave, be kind to him!
So, Wave and Wind, we give thee thanks!
O Fog, that from Newfoundland banks
Makest the blue, bright ocean dim,
Delay him not! And ye who snare
The wayworn shipman with your song,
Go pipe your ditties elsewhere
While this brave vessel ploughs along.
If still to tempt him be your thought,
O phantoms of the watery zone!
Look lively lest yourselves get caught
With music sweeter than your own.

Yet, soft sea-spirits, be not mute;
Murmur about the prow, and make
Melodious the west wind's lute.
For him may radiant mornings break
From out the bosom of the deep,
And golden noons above him bend,
And fortunate constellations keep
Bright vigils to his journey's end!

Take him, green Erin, to thy breast!
Keep him, grey London—for a while!
In him we send thee of our best,
Our wisest word, our blithest smile;
Our epigram, alert and pat,
That kills with joy the folly hit;
Our Yankee Czar, our Autocrat
Of all the happy realms of wit!
Take him and keep him; but forbear
To keep him more than half a year—
His presence will be sunshine there,
His absence will be shadow here!

THE SUSSEX FORTNIGHT.

One of the most charming holidays is that upon which society is now about to embark, the Sussex fortnight. It now practically resolves itself into a most enjoyable three weeks' sport, commencing at Gatwick this week. There are numerous old world places on the south coast where one can have entire rest after the excitement of racing—not the least interesting being Bexhill, within an hour's run of Gatwick. The air is bracing, and the surrounding country very beautiful. The Sackville is excellently managed and the cuisine irreproachable.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.

By the Brinsmead inventions and the combination of parts every musical intention known or desired is perfectly attainable and with admirable effects. New effects are to be given and new powers are called for continually. Fortunately these have been anticipated in the construction of the Brinsmead Pianofortes, as a single cadence on the instrument will demonstrate.
For Sale, for Hire, and on the Three Years' System. Illustrated Lists free.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
Pianoforte Galleries, 104, New Bond Street, London, W.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, To-night (Wednesday), at 8.20. NANCE OLDFIELD and THE BELLS, To-morrow (Thursday) Night. BECKET, next Friday Night and next Saturday Night. The Last Night of the Season. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by Letter or Telegram.—LYCEUM.

GREAT NORTHERN AND EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.—VIA FORTH BRIDGE.

IMPORTANT ACCELERATIONS.
EXPRESS TRAINS from LONDON (King's Cross).
Special and additional Express Trains to Edinburgh, Oban, Dundee, Perth, Aberdeen, and the North. Summer service from July 1, except as below.
Third-class passengers by all trains.

	A ^a	A	H	A	A	B	C	DE	F
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	10 0	10 25	10 35	2 30	7 30	8 0	8 30	10 40
Edinburgh ... arr.	3 5	6 30	8 0	8 45	11 0	4 5	4 25	6 0	8 45
Glasgow ... "	5 15	7 55	9 50	10 25	...	5 55	5 55	7 55	10 10
Craigendran Pier (for West Coast Steamers) ... "	5 31	7 31	7 31	8 50	11 5
Oban ... "	8 48	9 25	9 25	12 15	4 58
Perth ... "	5 58	8 0	10 20	10 20	12 12	5 30	5 40	7 45	10 50
Dundee ... "	6 10	8 10	10 35	10 35	...	5 45	5 45	8 33	11 18
Aberdeen ... "	8 40	10 5	12 30	12 30	3 5	7 35	7 35	11 0	1 35
Ballater (for Balmoral and Braemar) ... "	...	9 45	9 45	9 45	9 45	9 45	9 45	2 15	4 50
Inverness ... "	6 10	10 40	11 5	2 40	6 5

- A. On weekdays.
 - B. From July 18 to Aug. 11 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. From the morning of July 19, this train will be in direct connection with a special express from Perth, which will be run throughout in advance of the mails, conveying passengers for stations north of Inverness. Time for breakfast at Perth. Saloons, sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and the north by this and other night trains.
 - C. On weekdays (Saturdays excepted; it will, however, be run on Saturday, Aug. 5) and on Sundays.
 - D. Weekdays and Sundays.
 - E. Not run to Craigendran Pier, Oban, or Ballater on Sunday mornings.
 - F. On weekdays, but the train on Saturday nights will not run north of Berwick.
 - H. On weekdays from July 15 to Sept. 23 inclusive.
 - * Will go through to Oban from July 10 to Aug. 31 inclusive.
- HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steamship Co. of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkston Quay) for Esbjerg, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.3 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the steamships Koldinghuus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—NEW and IMPROVED SERVICE to the WEST of ENGLAND, North and South Devon, via Salisbury, Yeovil, and Exeter. The shortest route by many miles. Fast Express Trains between London and Exeter in 3½ hours. Plymouth in 5½ hours, and Ilfracombe in six hours. All trains are First, Second, and Third Class. The New Line from Launceston to Tresmeer is now open, and the North Cornwall Coach runs to and from Tresmeer instead of Launceston. The Coach Service to Camelford, Wadebridge, Padstow, &c., has been greatly accelerated.

EVERY WEEKDAY until further notice, a Coach will leave Tresmeer at 5.40 p.m. in connection with the 11 a.m. Express from Waterloo, arriving at Halworthy at 6.35, Tresparrett 7.5, Boscastle 7.30, and Tintagel 8 p.m. A Coach will also leave Tintagel at 7.30 a.m., Boscastle 8.10, Tresparrett 8.45, Halworthy 9.15 a.m., in connection with the Fast Train leaving Tresmeer at 10.15 a.m., arriving at Waterloo at 5 p.m.

The trains to Exeter connect with trains on the South Devon Line to Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, &c.

SWANAGE and WEYMOUTH.—Improved Service between London, Weymouth, and Swanage in 3½ hours by the new direct line via Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Fast Express Trains between Bournemouth and London in 2½ hours. Pullman Cars run in principal trains.

To the ISLE OF WIGHT by four routes—viz., via Portsmouth Harbour, via Stokes Bay (the family route), via Southampton, and via Lymington. Cheap Excursions every Saturday for four days to Southampton, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.

Tourists' Tickets are issued by all trains, available for two months, also to the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, and to France, Havre, Honfleur, Trouville, St. Malo, Granville, Caen, and Cherbourg, and to Paris, for one month; also for a Tour through Brittany and Normandy.

For full particulars see Company's Time Tables. Information can also be obtained by post from the office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Station. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

MIDLAND AND GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS.

FIRST AND THIRD-CLASS DINING CARRIAGES are now running on NEW AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS between LONDON (St. Pancras) and GLASGOW (St. Enoch) as follows—

	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	1 30	GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... dep.	1 30
Leicester ... "	2 40	MANCHESTER (Victoria) ... arr.	7 5
Nottingham ... "	3 58	LIVERPOOL (Exchange) ... "	7 5
Sheffield ... "	4 55	Leeds ... "	6 21
Leeds ... "	5 20	Sheffield ... "	7 21
LIVERPOOL (Exchange) ... "	4 55	Nottingham ... "	10 10
MANCHESTER (Victoria) ... "	5 0	Leicester ... "	8 43
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ... arr.	10 45	LONDON (St. Pancras) ... "	10 45

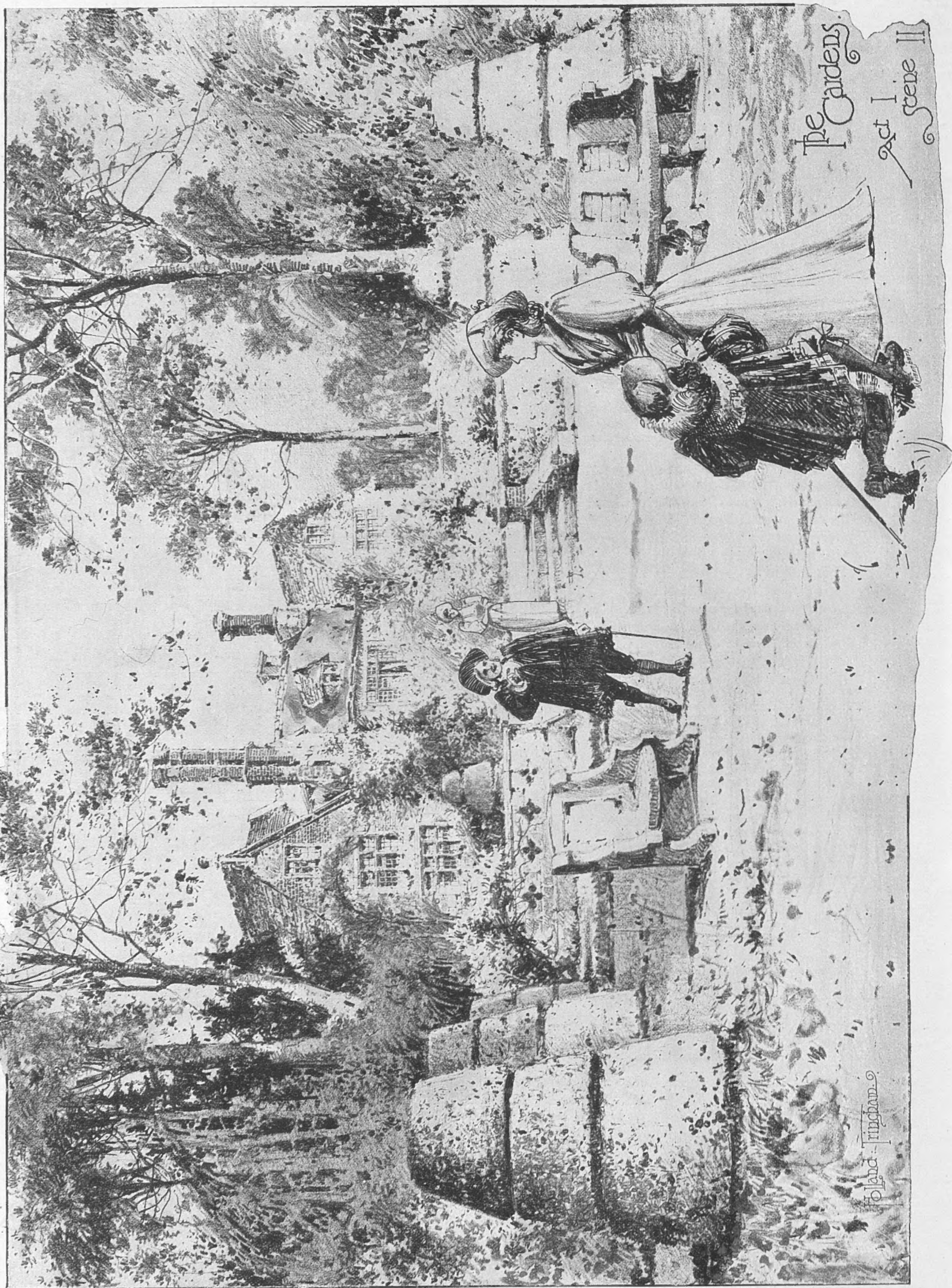
Connections with these trains are given to and from Bristol, Birmingham, Blackburn, and other points.

TARIFF OF REFRESHMENTS SERVED EN ROUTE:
LUNCHEONS. (Served from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.) TEAS. (Served from 4.30 to 6.0 p.m.) DINNER (Table d'Hôte). (Served at about 6.30 p.m.)
First Class, 2s. 6d. Pot of Tea with Roll and Butter, 6d. First Class, 8s. 6d.
Third Class, 2s. 0d. Other viands at Buffet charges as per daily bill of fare.
See Special Bills.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager, Midland Railway.
Derby, 1893. THOMAS BRUNTON, General Manager, G. and S. W. Railway.



READY.



The Gardens.

Act I
Scene II

MISS ADA BEHAN IN "THE HUNCHBACK" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Changes, even revolutions, in dramatic opinion leave the Adelphi untouched. Mr. Henry Pettitt—certainly the most successful purveyor of melodrama—might have lived on a desert island these ten years for all trace of modern influence in his new play. I do not think that this will in the least affect the success of "A Woman's Revenge." The work shows a return to the virtuous hero department. The melodrama fashion of late has rather been for curs who by some ethical freak have been put forward for sympathy and pity. Frank Drummond has really nothing against him, except that he is a very bad advocate, foolish person, and not steadfast in faith; however, he is not ill-matched by the heroine. The play, which contains most of the elements of success—from other plays—seems likely to have a long run. By far the ablest acting was by little Miss Empsie Bowman, a child actress of marvellous talent, and Mr. Cartwright, who played with great power as a villainous solicitor.

The revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" seemed to me to show a change and improvement in Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice. She used to be too kindly in her banter of Benedick. We know that they really hit hard at one another, and meant to score, and that their rallies were a dissembling of love, no doubt with a flavour of the kicking downstairs; but this at one time Miss Terry ignored. The whole pitch of her performance was of a light-hearted, merry girl, and the "Kill Claudio" came as a shock and surprise. Now she offers a stronger, more passionate woman, and the part, no less charming than of old, is more truthful, while the Cathedral scene gains greatly in power. Wherefore, now one would wish no change in her work for fear of less, except, perhaps, a little toning down in gesture and movement.

Mr. Henry Irving's Benedick is as curiously humorous, unearthly one may even call it, as it used to be, and as effective. Not the least pleasing aspect of his ingenious acting is the pleasure he seems to take in his own humour and that of Shakspeare. The Claudio of Mr. Terriss is an able performance, in which he keeps cleverly in the background the meanness of the showy character. Since her original appearance as Hero in '82, Miss Millward has lost some of the timidity that was charming in her work, and gained greatly in power.

The Comédie Française did a bold—I think rash—thing in playing "Hamlet" in London. To produce a translation, however good, of such a play could only have been justified by acting it splendidly. They were far from such a justification. I have seen every part played better by English actors than by the French. The one quality to admire in Mdlle. Reichenberg was the discretion that caused her to respect carefully the limits of her ability; of true tenderness or poetry there was barely a trace in her acting. To M. Mounet Sully the gods have given the physical qualities needful for a great actor, yet have denied wisdom in the use of them. Ludicrous is a hard word to use, but not beyond truth in speaking of his antics when pretending to be insane, while his strange noises in the way of inarticulate groans were both perplexing and unpleasing. There were moments when he held himself in check, and played with power and discretion, but they were outweighed by minutes of ranting. Of his conception of the part his acting gives no very clear idea; judging from his performance, he thinks Hamlet a boisterous, very undignified young man, with a strong taste for practical joking.

"Bataille de Dames" is one of the best of the Scribe-Legouvé plays, and by the clever acting of Madame Broisat in what one may call a Mrs. Kendal part, and of M. de Féraudy as the man strong enough for the sake of the woman he loves to conquer fear of death, proved very entertaining. "Les Femmes Savantes" showed the company at its best. Many of the performances were excellent, most noticeable those of MM. Leloir and Coquelin cadet, and of Mesdames Bartet, Barretta, and Pierson. It was curious to watch the desperate coolness of Madame Bartet while she delivered some of the shocking speeches allotted to her.

"La Reine Juana" of M. Alexandre Parodi, is, I believe, the last new play produced at the Théâtre Français. It is said to have cost its author years of patient research into Spanish archives, so that it might be historically exact. Of course, it is no better for that as a play: however, it is written with considerable ability. Unfortunately, it is too mournful for endurance. In its stolid crescendo of horror it becomes as oppressive as a thunderstorm to people with weak nerves; nor has it what can be called human interest. The unhappy queen, who for tens of years was confined in prison, and was driven temporarily mad by her vile usage, is not one of the historical creatures whom one loves or admires, and is too far removed from our concept even for pity.

The acting proved that Madame Adeline Dudlay would be the ablest French actress of the season if she did not chance to be a Belgian. Till this, the antepenultimate performance of the season, the Comédie Française lay under the reproach of possessing no genuine tragédienne.

Everyone is supposed to know the tale of the man who preferred sentence to the galleys to reading Guicciardini's "History of Italy." Was it Guicciardini? The dramatic critics, less heroic, would prefer ten shillings or seven days on any ordinary occasion to hearing one of Sheridan Knowles's plays. Nevertheless, after protesting stoutly, most of them came to see Miss Ada Rehan in "The Hunchback," and sat out more than half the play, in some cases even the whole. They hardly had their reward. Truly, so long as Miss Rehan was on the boards curiosity, interest, and even pleasure held them, but the rest was Dead Sea fruit, rendered little the sweeter by the desperate archness of Miss Isabel Irving as Helen. Miss Rehan, if she did not quite make Julia live, at least was delightful at certain moments. In the first act she showed a wonderful grace when listening to Clifford's ridiculous vows of love, and in the third her passion had a touch of Kate the curst, and then her terror and anguish as she saw her pride building a barrier between her and the man she loves were exquisitely rendered. Mr. Daly's experiment has not been justified, but Miss Rehan's reputation has by no means suffered in it.

A second Second Mrs. Tanqueray has appeared in the person of Miss Granville. Her chance came in the absence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell through illness, and she availed herself of the opportunity. The part is one of exceptional difficulty, for the gamut of moods that must needs be run over is within the scope of few of our younger actresses. Miss Granville scored a great success in the part. It was not perfect, of course, but it was a remarkable performance, and makes one feel that more will be heard of the lady. It is rather curious that both the Second

Mrs. Tanqueray (Mrs. Patrick Campbell) and her understudy should have made their first mark in the same play.

Miss Granville, who is a daughter of Major-General Stuart, late of the Royal Engineers, made her début under Mr. George Alexander's management in October 1890, walking on in "The Struggle for Life." She then played in "Man Proposes," by Sydney Grundy, understudied in "Sunlight and Shadow," migrating with the company to the St. James's, and played there in "The Gay Lothario." She also understudied Miss Kingston in "The Idler," playing her part for two weeks, afterwards taking a small part in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and next was understudy to Miss Marion Terry in "Liberty Hall," playing her part for one week.

"La Fille de Madame Angot" is to reappear at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday. Those who remember the good old days of comic opera, when Emily Soldene was queen, will be eager to see how Lecocq's sprightly young lady has borne the weight of years. At any rate, she will get all the support a good company can afford. The Clairette will be Miss Decima Moore; Mdlle. Lange will be played by Miss Amy Augarde (who succeeded Miss Grace Huntley as Lydia in the original run of "Dorothy"); Miss Haidée Crofton (for years the representative of Miss Jessie Bond's characters in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's companies) will play Amarante.

E. F. S.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS GRANVILLE.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

I consider Gatwick to be one of the best of the enclosed courses in the metropolitan neighbourhood, and I hope to see the new venture flourish.



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. GEORGE VERRALL.

Gatwick does not want for managers, as I have before stated. Captain Machell gives his attention to the club, and he has a capital list of members, including H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Mr. George Verrall, a highly respected resident of Newmarket, manages the racing at Gatwick. Mr. Verrall succeeded his brother in the control of the old Croydon Meeting, and we all know how popular the Woodside fixtures were with the rank-and-file of race-goers. Mr. Verrall, who was at one time in the Civil Service, is an accomplished scholar. His weakness is entomology, and he possesses one of the finest collections of insects in the country. Mr. Verrall is a bit of an orator, as an auctioneer should be. At election times he is in great request

down Newmarket way. He is what the Americans would term a solid man, both in business and pleasure, and not a mere effervescent tool.

The course at Gatwick is managed by Mr. George Sotham, who lives on the spot, and, I should say, spends the greater part of his time in making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and no man could accomplish this arduous task better, as Mr. George is a farmer born. He has carried on agricultural pursuits in Oxfordshire for many years, and still keeps on his estate in that county. Mr. Sotham breeds race-horses, but he does not believe in paying exorbitant fees for fashionable sires. To avoid this he patronises useful horses of the calibre of St. Symphorien, and at the present time he has four or five foals by that horse, which are expected to win all the classic races later on. Many of us fancy ourselves as racing tipsters, but as an amateur vaticinator Mr. Sotham is fairly entitled to the medal. He thinks a lot, but says little.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. GEORGE SOTHAM.

However, when his advice does come it is generally worth following, and among his feats of recent years was the placing the first three in the Royal Hunt Cup. I expect to see him sitting in the House of Lords sooner or later as the Earl of Gatwick.

It is pleasing to hear that Mr. Houldsworth is recovering from his recent illness. No more popular sportsman exists than the well-known Scotch owner, and the success of his horse Bushey Park in the Liverpool Cup would be hailed with delight. Although Mr. Houldsworth never bets, he has friends who do, and on a somewhat large scale too. Ryan is a clever trainer; but did one go through the history of the Turf very carefully, he could not but be struck with the number of favourites hailing from the Green Lodge establishment which have been beaten.

"There are few better managed racecourses in the kingdom than Liverpool, and few, if any, are productive of such interesting sport. Mr. W. S. Gladstone, who holds the reins of management, has often been mentioned as being a relative of the Prime Minister, but such, I believe, is not the case. One thing greatly in favour of the Aintree track is its proximity to the city. Unlike its great rival, Manchester, it is what is termed a left-hand course; it is oval in shape, and while one side gently declines, the other rises from the canal.

CRICKET.

Cricket still keeps up its reputation as a game of surprises. Talk about glorious uncertainties! The words do not half express the amazing metamorphoses, the kaleidoscopic, the bewildering revolutions that take place almost daily in our great matches. In the county championship series alone strange things occur from day to day. At one time Middlesex looks like taking the lead, then Yorkshire comes away with a rush and a rattle, while Surrey, at one time apparently out of it, makes a big effort and comes up smiling, strong in the running.

Perhaps one of the most surprising results of the season has been the defeat of Middlesex by Sussex at Lord's. In the first match the metropolitan county won hands down, as the sporting phrase goes. When the seaside county came up to London to play the return match Middlesex placed an uncommonly strong team in the field, although they lacked the services of the glorious smiter, T. C. O'Brien. With A. E. Stoddart and S. W. Scott in form, Middlesex made a really good start, and a total of 243 seemed a pretty comfortable score to go on with; but if Middlesex expected to win they had reckoned without George Brann, not to mention one or two unconsidered trifles in the way of batsmen like W. L. Murdoch and G. L. Wilson. But Brann was the hero of the hour. The tall Sussex man was in the humour, and the usually deadly bowling of Hearne and Rawlin was mere child's play to the Sussex man. Before Hearne got a straight one past him, George of Sussex had scored 159 off his own bat, and the total, with only one extra—which shows the class of wicket-keeping—reached 346. Against this Middlesex could only reply with 182, and the 80 runs required to win were obtained by Sussex for the loss of only two wickets. Although the bowling of Humphreys, Tate, and Hilton was excellent, the principal honours of the match undoubtedly rest with George Brann. Since 1882 Brann has scored a century and over in no fewer than thirty innings. This, of course, includes all first and second-class matches.

Kent has often proved a thorn in the side of Surrey, and it may be that when they meet at Catford Bridge to-morrow the hop county will give the champions a fright. Kent started ever so badly in the championship matches, but thanks to the fine batting and by no means indifferent bowling of Alec Hearne, not to mention some good work with the bat from several of the amateurs and Martin, the men of Kent appear likely to occupy an excellent position at the end of the season. If only Kent can beat Notts in the match which opens at Nottingham next Monday, they may even have a look-in for the championship.

After their great battle at Lord's with the pride of England, the Australians will find a slight relief in being called upon to tackle nothing higher than Somerset at Taunton to-morrow. What promises to be a much livelier and better contested fixture is the meeting of the Cornstalks with Middlesex next Monday. Since my last notes about the Australians, they have been doing good work by defeating Leicestershire and Yorkshire. The latter match was played at Headingley, Leeds, where the wicket turned out to be rather indifferent, if not positively bad. This was proved by the miserable totals made by the home county, who in their second innings were dismissed for 48. In this match Turner appears to have returned to his best form, as his ten wickets cost only 40 runs. Peel also bowled well in getting nine for 83.

The matches between the Gentlemen and Players this season have been rather disappointing. In the first fixture, played at the Oval, the Gentlemen were not nearly at full strength, and yet, in spite of that, they were only beaten by eight runs. In this match old W. G. was seen at something like his best, and headed the scoring with 57 and 68. On the side of the Players, Gunn played a grand second innings for 88, which were obtained in a marvellously short time. It is worthy of note that both Gunn and Shrewsbury are scoring very much faster this season than they have ever done before, and it is gratifying to find that their averages, instead of suffering, appear to be improved by their freer play. In the return match, played at Lord's, it is very curious that Shrewsbury, in his second innings, also scored 88. This, again, was a splendidly free exhibition of batting, and during the time he was at the wicket with Sugg, of Lancashire, the Notts batsman scored more than twice as fast as the Lancashire slogger. Maurice Read played a fine double innings of 42 and 44 for the Players. Rain prevented the match from being fought out to a finish, but there can hardly be any doubt that, had the weather kept good, the Gentlemen would have been returned winners.

W. W. Read, with a well-played 79, took the place of honour among the amateur batsmen, while C. M. Wells, of Cambridge University, batted in grand form for 44. One of the features of the match was the fine bowling of C. J. Kortright, who, in the first innings, captured seven wickets for 73 runs. The Essex amateur takes a longer run than any man I have ever seen bowling, and I think he also sends them up faster than any trundler of modern times. On one occasion, in the Players' match, when he bowled Briggs, the stump was sent flying out of the ground for a distance of some seventeen yards, and another time so great was the force of the ball that it knocked Lockwood's bat clean out of his hands and over the stumps about a couple of yards away. Kortright is rather slightly built, and it is hardly to be supposed that he will be able to keep up his wonderful pace for many seasons. Only one other point in this match deserves mention, and that was the extraordinary wicket-keeping of McGregor, who, throughout the whole match, did not give away a single bye. In addition, he caught Sugg at the wicket in a marvellous manner, and had the honour—the rare honour—of stumping Gunn.

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A MOUSE !
DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

SMALL TALK.

Who has wrested from their fastenings the artistic drinking cups that were attached to Mr. Gilbert's beautiful fountain in Piccadilly Circus? The police seem ignorant on the point, though, doubtless, they have a "theory." I, too, have a theory, though mine is, perhaps, even more wildly improbable than that of our blue-coated guardians. Some horrified Mrs. Grundy, shocked at the scanty garments of the figure representing Charity, "new lighted on a heaven-kissing" memorial, has wreaked her vengeance on modern art in this unworthy manner. And yet the figure in question is, as the Scotch say, "a verra decent body" as statues go.

The Colonial Volunteer has been very much to the front in the mother country during the past few weeks. The Cape has sent a strong team to Bisley. The team is commanded by Major Scott, of the Cape Town Highlanders, a veteran of much distinction, who took part in the memorable action at Water Klöf. In the team with him are Lieutenant



THE CAPE TEAM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Wright, Kimberley Rifles (adjutant); Sergeant Macnamara, Sergeant Batchelor, Sergeant Millar, Private D. Menzies, and Private A. Menzies, of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles; Private Roberts, Prince Albert's Volunteer Artillery; Trooper Park, Diamond Fields Light Horse; Private Preston, Kimberley Rifles; Private Vroom, Grahamstown Volunteers; and Corporal Boxall, Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. All the team may be considered picked shots of South Africa. Seventy altogether shot for places in it; twenty went through a second ordeal at Cape Town, and the twelve now at Bisley are those who came with most credit out of both contests.

Hostesses have been put to it this season for something new with which to amuse their surfeited friends. Singing is voted a bore unless one can pay for opera stars, which, as a rule, one can't. Skirt-dancing has kicked itself out, and people are tired of the prophetesses who see fortunes, fair young women, dark young men, and other nice things distinctly marked on one's palm, for, as a rule, they don't come to hand in any other way. I had turned it all over a dozen times before I gave my little frolic last week, and, feeling desperate at the prospect of a houseful of dull, unamused people for three mortal hours, suddenly bethought me of the silhouette man from the Exhibition. He turned out a complete success, and was surrounded with a halo of foolish youths and virgins all the evening, all possessed with the unusual desire of being cut out. I recommend the "professor" idea to all and sundry at their wits' ends for a new sensation.

The oldest lady in London, having, at considerable trouble and expense, decorated her substantial and somewhat griny person with innumerable glittering jewels in honour of the nuptials of the Duke and

Duchess of York, took advantage of her unusual brilliancy of appearance to become the hostess at a most unwonted social function on the following evening. On the night of July 7 the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" gave a garden party to the friends of her present lord and master, as represented in the handsome person of Mr. David Powell, the Governor. Most City men, of course, know the quiet little garden, with its flowers and fountains, on which look the windows of various departments of this temple of Mammon, but to the greater number of the charming ladies who were present the really delightful scene came as a surprise. The piece of ground, which once, I believe, in the dim long ago was a City God's-acre, seemed a veritable fairyland, with its tasteful illuminations, its water, its flowers and greenery, and though among the decorations there were no bunches of that "red tape" for which this famous banking establishment is said by some of its more modern rivals to be celebrated, and though the ladies, who had heard so much of the Bank of England's boundless wealth that they hardly knew what pleasant surprises might not be in store for them, failed to find £1000 notes sandwiched in their bread-and-butter, or great jars of golden ingots with the label "Take one" invitingly displayed, I think they thoroughly enjoyed the time spent within walls where business certainly is first, and pleasure, at any rate of the fashionable kind, rarely a good second.

Mrs. Mackay's smart party on Saturday evening to meet the Duke of Edinburgh "after dinner" was a very select function indeed. Mr. Bayard, the new American Minister, is a brilliant conversationalist, and seems to like his location over here sufficiently well. A little music, but of the best, was much appreciated. Mrs. Mackay is a hostess who has the instinct of entertaining. She gives a judicious enough without the overpowering too much. That is why her parties always "go."

I was one of a select few merry-makers at the Midland Hotel, St. Pancras, a few nights since, and we were within measurable distance of the stage, where all talk together, and nobody listens to anyone but himself, when an uncouth and ghoul-like-looking personage entered the room, espied the manager, and quickly disappeared. Hailing that courteous functionary, I inquired the wherefore of the murderously visaged individual who had just gone out. "He," laughed the manager, "oh, he's all right. That's our cockroach killer." "Your what?" "Cockroach killer, to be sure. Do you know that our five big hotels cost us £175

every year for the extermination of these pests? And Jerry, whom you have just seen, is executioner-in-chief. He doesn't want to catch my eye now, though, because a black beetle was found dead in a waste-paper basket this morning, and Jerry was immediately telephoned for from Leeds to explain its appearance. We are very strict, I assure you, on the cockroach question." I must say I envied Jerry from my soul. He has change of scene, free railway journeys, capital rations, and a picturesque income, all out of black beetles. Here is a splendid opening for that superfluous quantity, the younger son. Let him qualify for a cockroach man.

As might be expected under the critical eye of Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, the costumes worn at her fancy dress ball last week were particularly in good taste and correct in all details. She herself personated La Tosca, in a crimson satin Empire-cut gown and black velvet bonnet adorned with a bird of paradise feather, and Mr. Rowe as a Capuchin monk quite looked the character. Mr. Walter Crane, dating from the Cimabue period, tripped it merrily, as did General Charles Sim as a *Cordon Bleu*; but Mr. Frank Holiday, in chain armour, only looked on solemnly. Mrs. Charles Sim made a *riante* Baechante; Mrs. Frankland Taylor looked handsome as Black and White, and brought her daughter as Sweet Seventeen, with Miss Bowser as an etherealised London flower-girl. Mrs. Baldry looked very pretty dressed in white *crépon* trimmed with little skeletons personating the Bogie Man, and during an interlude gave an exhibition of step dancing full of grace and poetry. A colour contrast was Lady Alexander Egerton as Sappho, in black satin. No one was more admired than Miss Wilson as an Arab girl; while Miss Mortimer made an ideal Cleopatra down to the soles of her sandalled nude feet.

The Villa Achilleum, as it is called by the eccentric Empress of Austria, is now completed. In planning it her Majesty has attempted to blend the classical past with the matter-of-fact comforts of the present. The building is a marvel of architecture and sculpture, a fairyland of columns, pillars, and statues in marble and bronze. The terraces, which have been built perpendicularly from the sea, afford a marvellous view. The interior has been upholstered by a Vienna firm, and the kitchen is arranged on the most sumptuous scale, her Majesty being a well-known gourmet. The building is lighted by electricity, and supplied with water from specially constructed works.

Mr. Gordon Browne, who is well known as a clever illustrator of fiction, has achieved some remarkable successes in the pictures that

adorn "The Monastery," the latest volume of the Border edition of Sir Walter. In Father Philip's encounter with the White Lady there is an inimitable ass, whose terrified obstinacy would have been a credit to Balaam's historic and homely charger, and the landscape in which the ass and his rider figure is a clever setting well worthy of the incident. Another particularly happy illustration is the appearance of the White Lady to Halbert, who kneels at the bedside of his sleeping brother. Mr. Gordon Browne is a son of the "Phiz" of our boyish days, and the family reputation will not suffer in his



MR. GORDON BROWNE.

skilful hands. His work on the *Illustrated London News* is always bright and striking.

Not all the attractions of Viscount Combermere's magnificent estate in Cheshire, its grand old abbey, the seat of the Stapleton-Cotton family since bluff King Hal parted the property of Mother Church among his particular "pals," its beautifully timbered park of over one thousand acres, its famous lake, on which the windows of the mansion look, its outlying farms, with their eight or nine thousand acres more, and its memories of Wellington's brother officer, that famous General who became first Viscount Combermere, or even the oak-tree (still existing) planted by the Iron Duke himself, could extort one bid from those who listened to the auctioneer's encomiums, and suggested three-quarters of a million as a starting price. The estate was then, *pro tem.*, divided into seven, and for the first lot, which included the abbey and some 2000 acres, £140,000 was bid and refused, while for the other six lots there was "nary a bid." Our aristocracy at the present time seem fond of giving the estate agents a good turn with but little benefit to themselves. An auctioneer neither praises nor appraises an estate gratis.

In a delightful article upon Siam in the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Henry Norman gives an interesting glimpse of the monarchical system as he has seen it: "Personally, his Majesty is one of the most charming of men (and I pay him this tribute the more easily because I have had many opportunities of learning its justice), well-informed, kind-hearted, strong in character for an Oriental, and full of dignity, and he would be reckoned a handsome man and a gentleman anywhere. But there the praise must stop. His life is one uninterrupted act of self-indulgence. He was the father of two daughters before he was fifteen; his first wife is his half-sister ('in order that the royal blood may be preserved from the taint of alien contamination' is the deliciously inaccurate explanation of a recent writer upon Siam!); the number of 'wives' and women in his palace is unknown; everything concerning them is euphemistically known in Siamese as *Kang Nai*, 'the inside,' and is a strictly forbidden topic of conversation. Since to have influence within the palace is the chief desire of every Siamese, every attractive girl has been thrust upon his Majesty by her father for the past twenty years. His children must number more than a hundred. The 'inside' of the palace is not a suite of apartments—it is a town. The private personal environment of the King is not a household—it is a community. Every wife can load herself and her children to the ground with jewels; every one of them has a private treasure-chest. Of the condition of his country—indeed, even of his own capital—the King knows next to nothing. Whenever he goes out the streets are levelled and swept; the soldiers and police don clean clothes and buckle on accoutrements and arms kept specially for such occasions. The police-boats are painted and anchored in rows; the canals are cleared of logs and rubbish; Bangkok puts on for his Majesty's eye an almost European air of propriety. When he has passed, the clothes and bright arms are locked up, and everything relapses into neglect and dirt. When the King visits his country palace at Bang-pa-in, fifty miles up the river, all his wives and children, with all their servants, and all the princes, go with him, and a thousand people follow in his train. The cost of all this is enormous. When the King's relatives are cremated the ceremonial beggars description. The last royal cremation cost £80,000."

Mrs. Alfred Renshaw's charming series of water colours at the Raymond Groom Galleries have attracted quite a little crowd of admirers. There was no need of the "diffidence" with which Mrs. Renshaw explains herself to the public in her catalogue. Many professional artists might be proud of such dainty work. These sketches, taken in many lands, are delicate, sympathetic, and admirably coloured. Lady Cecil Scott Montague, Lady Mary Kerr, the Hon. Mrs. Long, Mr. Andrew Drummond, and Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., were among the appreciative many whom I noticed paying tribute on the first day of the exhibition. It is a pretty thought to devote the gate money to the London Playing Fields and the Bird Protection Society, too. Both objects are at once praiseworthy and picturesque.

Talking of pictures, Mr. Thomas Appleton has done good work in rescuing from oblivion Gainsborough's beautiful picture, "The Sisters," which was, it will be remembered, burnt in 1890 in the fire at Waddesdon Manor shortly after Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild had bought it from Agnew for considerably over £10,000. A private photograph was all that remained of "The Sisters," and from this Mr. Appleton has executed an admirable engraving, from which Reynolds has just published a capital mezzotint.

"There was a sound of revelry by night" (and, to be particular, in the small hours of the morning as well) at the St. James's Schools, Clapham, last week, where the popular and hard-working Vicar, Mr. Lillingston, had gathered together the tram, the cab, and the 'bus men of the district, to the number of some three hundred and fifty. It was a little supper party to which these ministers to the public comfort were bidden, for, I believe, the fourth time, and very pleasant it was to see some of their "fares," of both sexes, waiting assiduously upon them, and dispensing the solid and (unalcoholic) liquid hospitality of the Vicar. The repast began at 11.30, and till nearly 1.30 the attendants were busy in providing, the guests in consuming, the excellent fare. A young lady, who seemed very popular with her audience, sang to them very charmingly, and all concerned voted the function an immense success. I am sure the guests would like me to add "Other Vicars please copy."

Skits, skirts, and sketches dramatic are now very much the fashion at all the music halls, so the Palace Theatre, always in the first flight, has put on "A Pal o' Archie's," a sketch which has claims to be "skittish" on Leoneavallo's "Pagliacci." Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Charles Brookfield are the concoctors of this special brew of punch, which is poured out nightly for the public benefit by Messrs. Edward Lewis and W. Morgan, assisted by the Misses Juliette Nesville and Billie Barlow, while Mr. J. M. Glover accompanies the operation with musical honours. The piece is full of fun and frolic, and serves as a fine after-dinner digestive. Among its good things is the comic song duet between Canio and Tonio, and Nedda's piquant prattle and pretty piping, especially in the cockatoo song, which is quite "too-too," and revives pleasant memories of "Ma Mie Rosette" and "Miss Decima."

Another attraction at the Palace Theatre is a little French dancer, who styles herself Mdlle. Bob Walter, "La Serpentine Mondaine Parisienne." Although this lady's treatment of her skirts does not present any very marked novelty, yet her performance is fully equal to that of her other famous sister artistes. Her nightly programme includes four dances, "Les Fleurs," "Le Papillon," "L'Espagnole," and "Le Fantôme"; while on the occasion of my visit an enthusiastic reception produced a fifth, "Les Rosières." Her first dance, executed in flower-embroidered skirts, is singularly expressive of the poetry of motion; but "Le Papillon" is more voluptuous, and the silvery undulating fluttering of her prismatic wings makes a beautiful spectacle of colour.



Photo by Denque, Paris.

MDLLE. BOB WALTER.

The dangers of driving at crowded state ceremonies was illustrated the other day in Berlin, when the Countess Schouvaloff, wife of the Russian Ambassador, was stunned by the pole of the next carriage in the queue piercing her brougham, and striking her in the back of the head. The Countess had to return home, but is now restored to health.

That popular Theatre of Varieties, the Alhambra, has rarely presented to the public a more captivating little Parisienne than *chic* and dainty, bright and sparkling Mdle. Juliette Mealy. The occasion of her first appearance there was the benefit organised by the Alhambra management



Photo by Nadar, Paris.

MDLE. JULIETTE MEALY.

in aid of the sufferers through the foundering of H.M.S. Victoria. In the sprightly "Coq" duet from Planquette's comic opera of "Le Talisman," sung by Mdle. Mealy in conjunction with M. Eugère, this vivacious soprano made an immediate hit. The clever couple were instantly engaged, and they have since yielded abundant entertainment to nightly audiences.

Juliette Mealy is an artiste to the tips of her fingers. She acts as well as she sings. It was as a songstress that this lady from Toulouse achieved her first success in Paris. That was in 1888, when she was but nineteen. It was in a "Review" by M. Paul Burani that the gay young cantatrice bewitched the patrons of the Eldorado. Appearing thereafter at the Théâtre des Menus-Plaisirs, at the Variétés in the revival of "La Vie Parisienne," and later at the Paris Gaité in M. Planquette's "Talisman," playing the principal part in that amusing opera for 160 nights, Mdle. Mealy has become a great favourite with Parisian theatre-goers. No one will be surprised at this who witnesses the lightsome performances of this blithe little lady at the Alhambra.

Mrs. Hugh Bell made some very pretty and palpable hits in her little parody of Ibsen's "Master-Builder," given, with two other plays, at the Independent Theatre the other day. Whether by accident or design, the characters in the very serious piece called "Dante," which preceded it, seemed, to a rather caustic audience, the exact antitypes of Ibsen's. Gemma Donati's denunciations of her husband and the final apotheosis of Dante-Solness and Beatrice-Wangel in the last act were tolerably suggestive of the platonic flirtation between the Master-Builder and the obstreperous Norwegian school-girl. Mrs. Bell does not concern herself with the tremendous Ibsen spectres of heredity and symbolism. She touches lightly on the well-known Ibsenitish idiosyncrasies, the odd Norwegian perversions of manners and morals, and the catchwords which have now grown into drawing-room talk. Of course, Miss Wangel finds everything "frightfully thrilling"; of course, Mrs. Solness makes the most of the tedious "nine dolls" motive; of course, Mr. Solness's marked predilection for pretty book-keepers is duly insisted on.

It is a most audacious thing for an Ibsenite, as Mrs. Bell is understood to be, to have done, and the more devout members of the cult will, doubtless, wonder why the idol does not bow down and crush the indiscreet votary. It knows better. As Mr. Grein remarked, "parody is a tribute, not an insult"; let us further parody the American minister's *mot*, and say that the play that will not make a parody will never make a success.

Mr. Henry Fowler Broadwood, who has died almost suddenly at his beautiful Sussex seat near Horsham, at the venerable age of eighty-two, was not only the head of the historic firm of piano manufacturers whose fortunes were founded by Burkhardt Tschudi, a Swiss harpsichord maker to the English Court, in 1732 (the year of Haydn's birth), but was an expert in pianoforte making, who in his early days had "gone

through the mill" in the great Westminster factory, and in later years had done much to develop the instrument which had made the fortunes of his family. Mr. Broadwood was the great-grandson of the Swiss founder of this huge business, his grandfather having married a daughter of Tschudi's, who, by-the-way, occupied the identical house now part of the premises in Great Pulteney Street. Mr. Broadwood had not been seen much in London of late, but he took an active interest in his business, and, indeed, in all musical matters, to the last. He was not only extremely popular with a large circle of friends and acquaintances, but with his numerous employés, whose comfort and welfare were always his great care.

Palmistry is an art—I don't know that it is, but it is practised by the artful on the artless, without a doubt—which has existed for a sufficient number of centuries to make it respectable, and nowadays it seems to be quite the rage in fashionable society. The other afternoon a lady well known in diplomatic circles amused us with various experiences among clairvoyants, palmists, and other uncanny beings. Though not superstitious, she is curious, and has tested their powers whenever possible. A long experience has induced her to believe that these professors of second-sight are excellent judges of character, but nothing more. Some half-dozen she mentioned, including a butlerman (now deceased), whose premises in Portobello Road were at one time a favourite resort of superstitious aristocrats, "had made one or two good shots as to her past, had judged her character very fairly, and as to her future, so far, they had been hopelessly at sea."

A man with varied talents was Major Thomas Knox Holmes, who died at his residence, Clapham Common, on Wednesday, at the age of eighty-five. The son of a prominent politician, he was a politician himself, a courtier, an actor of no small merit, a vocalist, and a sportsman. He entered the Army in 1825, but was placed upon half-pay the day he was gazetted. Three years later he joined the Horse Artillery branch of the Bucks Yeomanry, remaining with the corps for forty-eight years, during the last thirty of which he was in command. So much for his military career. As a politician, he contested Wendover in 1832, but withdrew at the last moment, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, and he conducted seventeen election petitions. As an actor he often appeared at the Brighton Theatre Royal, and played in Tom Taylor's "Guy Fawkes" at Drury Lane in 1835. He was an excellent boxer, rower—he rowed in the first University Boat-Race—horseman, and in recent years he came



MAJOR KNOX HOLMES.

A Sketch from Life.

to be known as the "King of Cyclists." He well deserved the title, for last year, at the age of eighty-four, he covered about 3120 miles on his bicycle. A great favourite of George IV., Major Holmes was the companion of kings, princes, and many notabilities in letters,

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY FREDERIC FENN.

There was a man once—Geoffrey Halkett by name—of few failings, but chief among these was the ineradicable conviction that he understood the innermost workings of the mind of a girl.

"A clever beggar I once knew," he explained one night to his old intimate, Paddon—"in fact, about the cleverest beggar I ever did know—once said to me, 'If you know one thing thoroughly, you hold the key to everything.' It didn't strike me particularly at the time. I had no reason for testing it, but it's awfully true, Jim. I can see it now."

It was in Jim Paddon's rooms in Gray's Inn that this sententious remark was uttered. Jim Paddon was at the moment keenly interested in wondering whether the cork of a soda-water bottle would come out easily, like a tooth with gas, or would require extracting with a wrench. The gas gained the day.

"Well," he said, content now to dally with trivialities, "and what if it is?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Sometimes this knowledge is very useful to you, and sometimes—well, it's just amusing. I don't think I'm particularly conceited, but I flatter myself that I have always had a knack of understanding girls. It isn't a thing a man cares to talk about much. In the first place, ninety-nine people out of a hundred would put anyone down as a fool who said this—possibly I am rather femininely minded. In any case, I often used to think I could see things from their point of view better than most fellows and argue their cases in their own way. Now, since I have thoroughly understood one girl, I know I can do this. And what is the consequence? Why, they never astonish me now."

Paddon took his pipe from his mouth and attempted to realise an old ambition, and blow a second smoke ring through a first.

"My experience," he said, when failure tripped him up remorselessly, "is that they vary too much: no two are alike, and they always get mixed up, and to try to put them right is the worst of all." Whether he was alluding to smoke rings or girls was not very clear.

Halkett looked at him pityingly. He might have had doubts about women, but he knew that he understood men.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "you've either had one whisky too many or too few."

Paddon adopted the only course open to him.

"Who's the poor girl you've experimented on? Do I know her?"

"That's rather a brutal way of putting it, but I suppose it's Kate."

"Then," said Paddon, "isn't it almost a pity that you are not going to marry her instead of me?"

Halkett smiled. He wasn't a marrying man.

When next the two friends met it was at the home of Kate Temple, the maiden who, after being analysed by one man, had perversely fallen in love with another. Halkett, too philosophic to be jealous, had only found in the circumstance of her preference for his friend a further proof of the well-known law that ideals must be lowered half-mast high when science passes by. In short, he liked her still, but his attitude now might best be described as one of slightly contemptuous sympathy.

The circumstances under which they all met now were rather depressing. James Paddon had many weaknesses, and one of them had just attained an alarming prominence. Sir McDermott Ballarat, who doubled the parts of eminent specialist and family friend to the Temples (for Kate had one encumbrance—she was garrisoned round about by a maiden aunt with fads), had just discovered that his dear young friend Paddon possessed only one lung instead of the normal number, and that that interesting relic must on no account be allowed to winter in England.

It was now September. The young man might take his lung to Davos Platz or to Colorado, but he must be off without delay.

Halkett, like most people, was at his best in emergencies. The one cheering fact to the Temples on this last depressing evening was his quiet announcement to Kate that if Jim liked he would go with him and look after him. He had previously arranged it all with Paddon, who was pleased. This almost reconciled Kate to her lover's going to the further country. Jim Paddon did not feel ill, he said, whereas if he went to a place haunted by invalids he would grow worse out of sympathy.

The good-byes that night were said in chapters. Geoffrey Halkett left first, and Kate's eyes were eloquent when she thanked him. She did not say much, but he was satisfied. It was at that moment that the eminently feminine thought occurred to her, "What a pity Geoffrey should not marry some nice girl!" Then old Miss Temple said good-bye to all, and discreetly left the lovers to settle the rest. This took two hours and three-quarters, during which time Geoffrey leaned against

a lamp-post smoking and thinking it rather a pity that Kate's eyes should be wasted on Jim. He was aroused by Jim rushing down the steps, almost knocking him down, and swearing at him. They walked London that night, by way of getting up strength for the journey. The next day they started.

Ruskin, who advocated once a period of lengthened probationary absence for the young man in love, probably foresaw the advantage of



"Good-bye."

taking steps which would cancel fifty per cent. of first engagements. Paddon was not a man to be relied upon with impunity. His lung grew lusty and strong in the bracing air of the Rocky Mountains, but he fell in love with a settler's daughter just before the time when he should have returned to Kate. Halkett had noticed this emotion in its incipient stages, but Paddon had not, nor had it even tinged his letters to Kate,



The girl heard him all through.

when he contracted a prevalent form of fever, and the settler's daughter nursed him through it. As soon as he became convalescent, he bestowed on her a new Colorado edition of his old love for Kate.

Now, Paddon's illness had been Halkett's opportunity. Whatever swerved in him, it was never his loyalty to his friends. He wrote to Kate regularly, reporting the invalid's health. When Jim regained convalescence it was promptly brought home to him that he should resume management of his own affairs, but his new sentiment barred the way to this. At this crisis it seemed good to Jim Paddon, whose simple brain was not capable of dealing with two sets of emotions, to unceremoniously depart with the settler's daughter and marry her. He considerably left a note, requesting Halkett to deal with his honour as he thought fit.

Geoffrey Halkett was a gentleman by instinct, and at the best but an amateur liar. He had the British aversion to taking away a man's character to a girl. After much deliberation, he said to himself: "If I know Kate—and I flatter myself that I do know her—she would rather retain her faith in a dead Jim than lose her faith in a living Jim." So he wrote that Jim had got worse and died. He did not consider himself in this, which was to his credit.

Then, being no longer required in Colorado, he followed his letter home.

On the way home common-sense argued with him, and brought home to him very forcibly that he had made a mistake. Sooner or later Kate must learn the truth. It would be better for her to hear it from him now than to have it brutally broken to her later, when it might injure her life more. It was not a pleasant mission, this mission of confession, on which he went a short time after his return, but he comforted himself with the thought that she would at least acknowledge that all he had done was out of consideration for her.

Geoffrey Halkett never told anyone what happened at that interview. As a matter of fact the girl heard him all through, and then, white and trembling with indignation, infinitely scornful with herself for having allowed anyone to defame her lover while she listened, she turned and left him—not, though, before she had pointedly suggested that he should never enter the house again. "She had never trusted him from the very beginning," so she said, "and now——"

Halkett took up his hat and went.

This man, who had thought himself never to be astonished again, was an obstinate man, but not too obstinate to acknowledge himself astonished. He wasted no time over useless arguments or letters, but he went abroad, and some time subsequently he met Jim Paddon. The interview was short, but satisfactory. All, it appeared, that Halkett required of his former friend was a letter written to Kate, telling her how matters stood. Paddon demurred, and Mrs. Paddon thought Halkett a nuisance.

"I may be a sneak," said Jim; "but I'll be —— if I'll write myself down one."

Halkett declined to enter into the distinction. "You can put it in a gentlemanly way if you can," he said.

A man with only one lung and a bad case is no match for a man with two lungs and a good case and a rapidly developing passion for a woman. In less than a month Halkett was home with the letter.

"Kate is devilish obstinate when she's in a bad temper," he said to himself. "I know what she'll do now: she'll refuse to see me, and I'm not going to trust the letter to the post." Still, he wrote and asked her to make an appointment. She replied by return, naming a day and hour. Halkett gasped a little at this, but went for a walk to think how he should meet her.

He need not have troubled about arranging speeches or lines of conduct. Kate took the initiative at the interview, as he might have known she must. She was very civil, only rather distant, and asked him why he wanted to see her.

"I have brought you a letter," he said.

She held out her hand.

He gave it her. She looked at the writing, murmured an excuse, and left him.

When she came back there was little changed about her except a hesitancy in her speech.

"Don't make me apologise," she said, "but, of course, I knew you were right when you told me, only I wasn't going to allow anyone but Jim to say such things about himself, was I?"

"Certainly not," said Halkett, too blinded by the sentiment of the sentence to consider its grammar. "It is I who have to apologise."

So they parted good friends, and the student of women went home satisfied, and on the whole rather pleased than not with the sensation of astonishment to which he was now becoming quite accustomed.

After a decent interval of these friendly relations, he asked her to marry him.

Then the friendly intercourse snapped like a pipe-stem, and she told him he had insulted her. "You ought by this time," she said, "to know me too well to imagine that I could ever love again."

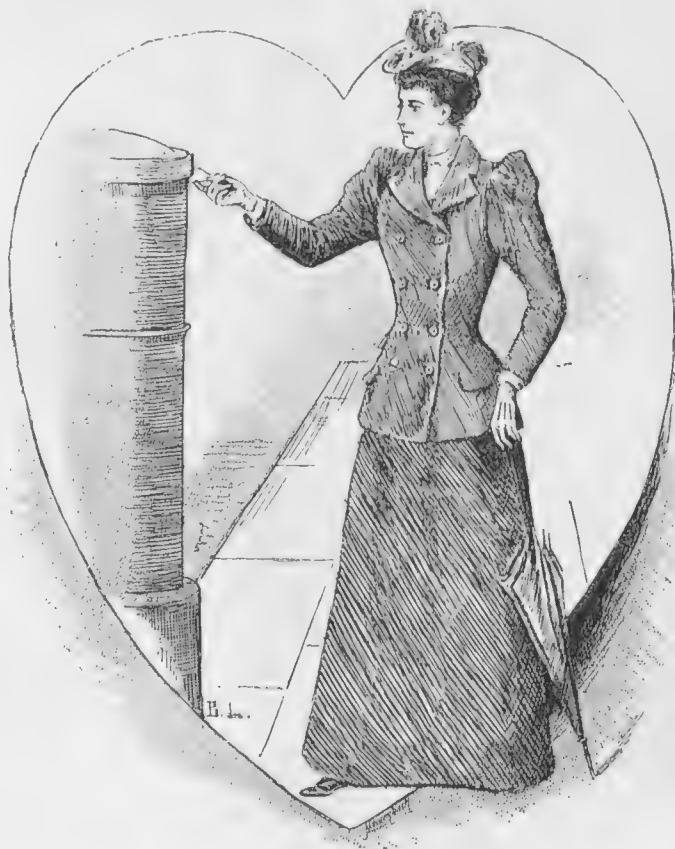
This finished off Geoffrey Halkett. He spent a miserable month, making up his mind whether to go abroad or to the devil, and had finally decided on a combination, when this letter came—

"Dear Mr. Halkett,—Have we annoyed you in any way? If not, why do you never come to see us now? We shall both be in, and very pleased to see you any afternoon this week, if you care to look us up again.—Very sincerely yours,
KATE TEMPLE.

"P.S.—Aunt says she may have to go out on Wednesday, but every other afternoon she will be at home."

Geoffrey Halkett read this letter, but not all his experience could make him look as though he had expected it. After a little while he smiled and lit his pipe, and was happy. He might not understand women, but he understood that letter. On Wednesday morning he spent twenty guineas on a ring, on Wednesday afternoon he called at the Temples' and saw Kate.

After all, now that he was cured of his chief weakness, he was a very good fellow, and there is never a better wife than the girl who is capable of astonishing you on occasion.



THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



HUMPTY DUMPTY, OR THE FALL OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

A CHAT WITH MADAME BARTET.

Women show their character in the rooms they inhabit more than do men, and, though she had been only a week in the hotel, I found out something about the charming French actress while waiting till she had finished her breakfast, or her toilette—I do not know which. It was ten o'clock in the morning: that was the dreadfully early hour she named. Most French actresses whom I have met suffer from the mania for early rising. The first thing I noticed was the absence of photographs. No photographs of herself in the room of an actress is startling. Then came the flowers. On a small oval table stood a large round basket, in which were growing some fine hydrangeas, which, as usual, looked as if they had been sent to the wash, and held their colour badly. On the mantelpiece, in vases, were some freshly cut geraniums, large sulphur-yellow marguerites, and lovely silver-grey Scotch thistles. Obviously, she loved flowers, and not in the platonic economical fashion of many who profess to love them. French newspapers were lying on the writing-table, and some French books, and the room was perfectly tidy except that a silk hat was on the sofa; but I could not complain of that—it was mine, and waiting to receive the gloves I dare not take off till after she had come in, for foreigners expect a visitor to keep on both gloves when he enters a room.

"So you have come to see me," she said, in a rich, low voice; "but I've nothing to tell that will interest your readers."

"Pardon me—nothing that will not interest them. Now, how about your history—do you come of a theatrical family?"

"No, not at all, but even when I was a child I wanted to act. My parents did not like it, and when I said I meant to be an actress they refused for a long time; however, they gave way in the end, and I went to study at the Conservatoire. Yes, I think a Conservatoire necessary—there is much that must be learnt in our art, and it's better to learn it sooner than later. However, I'm not sure that for modern plays a Conservatoire is necessary, but for the classic répertoire there can be no doubt about it."

"And which do you prefer, the classic or the modern plays?"

"That," she said thoughtfully, "is very hard to answer. Still, perhaps it is the modern ones, or, at least, those which one has created, that are the most delightful. Parts such as Denise and Françillon, both of which I created, seem almost my own children."

"A mother with two such exquisite children as they ought to be happy," I interposed. "And you really feel the parts; you do not believe in the—"

"In the 'Paradoxe' of Diderot? Not a bit. What I find is that as I study a part and grow to understand it I get for the time identified with it, and feel all the emotions strongly; then, when I have mastered it and play in public, it is rather the recollection of the emotion I feel than the emotion itself. During my study of it the emotions seem stronger than I, and they carry me away; but the recollection has less influence, and though I feel strongly when on the stage, yet I can hold my feelings in restraint; otherwise, I could not act with the others."

"And yet in playing Denise the other night were they not real tears?"

"Of course, if you saw them they were; one can't imitate tears." As she said this rather gaily her eyes looked too bright ever to have been dimmed by tears. Perhaps the eyes are her greatest charm. A tall, elegant woman she is, with beautiful hands, a good deal used in her graceful gestures. Her hair, very fine in texture, rather a sombre ruddy brown in hue, was dressed *à la chinoise*, which, for the benefit of men, I may say is quite a misleading term. In fact, it is taken straight off the forehead, save that two pretty love-locks are left on the temples; it is brought up in waves, each mounting higher than the one before, to the middle of the head, and then sinks gradually till it meets the simple coils from the back. Her nose is slightly aquiline, and she has an energetic, mobile mouth, lightened by brilliant teeth. As for the eyes, I can only say they are large and lustrous. I was afraid to look very closely into them.

"You have acted before now in England?"

"Oh, yes, with some members of the company in 'Ruy Blas'; it was not long after I became a sociétaire of the Comédie Française. I joined the society in 1880, and before then had played with no little success at the Vaudeville. No, I have seen none of your English artistes, though I mean to: unluckily, I don't speak English—it is a misfortune."

"By-the-bye, you are not Parisian, are you?"

"Oh, yes, pure Parisian by birth and breeding. Why do you ask?"

"Because of your voice; we English think the true Paris voice is rather hard and high-pitched, while yours is soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in a woman."

"Perhaps we do have rather high voices, if you say so; mine however, I find, tends to grow lower and fuller, and I am glad it is so. What do I think of Ibsen, have I seen Duse, and what about playing without any make-up? I can't answer all that at once. I have not seen Duse. Make-up seems needful simply to correct the effects of stage light. In order to look on the stage as I do off the stage—"

"That is to say, in order to look delightful."

"I must make up—that's all the question. By-the-bye, your Drury Lane Theatre, though not so large as I feared, is trying to play in; one has to keep rather near the footlights in order to be heard, and to make one's acting a little broader and simpler than one wishes."

"You really must not apologise for such exquisite work as your Denise and Françillon. I do not believe they would be better on

a smaller stage, because I think that if at all different they must be less admirable."

Just as I was pressing the charming actress to show me her collection of autographs, which includes those of almost everyone connected with the history of the Comédie Française, her maid came in. Then, with a "Vous permettez, Monsieur," they embarked on a whispered conversation, emphasised by vigorous gestures on the part of the maid. I gathered from what I did not hear that Madame would be delighted to get rid of me, and so I decided on a "happy despatch." With a wonderful appearance of sincerity, Madame assured me I was not *de trop*, and I trust with equal success I informed her that I had to hasten away to interview the "Lor Maire de Londres" about the Home Rule Bill; so I had the sad pleasure of a final "shake hands" with an actress of real genius, left the hotel, and got on an omnibus in a profound state of doubt as to the tint of the splendid eyes of Madame Bartet. E. F.-S.

THE CAMP OF THE TELEGRAPH BATTALION, ROYAL ENGINEERS.

No more perfect site for a camp could be fixed on than that where this battalion spent its annual month under canvases. In Arundel Park the Duke of Norfolk has made permanent arrangements in the matter of water supply and other conveniences for his own Volunteer battalion when they camp out, and he gave the use of this ground to Major Hippisley and the fine body of men under his command. The duties of this battalion are of an exceptionally interesting character, and consist in keeping up communication between the front and the main body of



MAKING THE "AIR-LINE."

an army in time of war. The "cable" and the "air-line" are the two methods employed, the former being laid along the ground, the latter carried overhead.

The photo shows the cable detachments ready to start. The small tent pitched in the extreme rear is used as an office, and holds two clerks, who work the instrument at their end of the cable. The instrument at the other end is carried on the front cart, and can be worked at any time, even while the cable is being paid out. The cable is an ordinary telegraph wire, insulated, and is carried on drums, each holding two miles of wire. The front cart carries four of these drums, and the rear cart has a still further supply in reserve. The carts proceed at the best pace that the nature of the ground to be traversed will allow, and during the recent experiments conducted by Major Hippisley at Arundel as much as nine miles of cable was laid in the hour. On the detachment starting, the cable is paid out from the drum in rear of the front cart, the mounted men passing it through the hooks they carry, so as to prevent any kinking or unevenness in laying. When a road has to be crossed one man dismounts to guard the crossing, and see that no damage happens to the cable until the rear cart comes up, and with poles a crossing is made—in other words the wire is carried over the road, and consequently runs no danger of being injured by the passing traffic.

The "air-line" is of a more permanent character, and takes longer to make. A cart with poles and implements for fixing them into the ground goes in advance, and erects them temporarily. A second detachment follows with the wire; the poles are taken down, the wire attached to them, and then re-erected in the holes that have already been drilled for them.

The peace footing of the battalion is 6 officers, 190 men, and 70 horses; the war footing 10 officers, 900 men, and 250 horses. With regard to this last item—namely, horses—it may be interesting to note that at least one old warrior is still doing duty. He is seventeen years old, and has passed through two campaigns with the battalion; but he will soon be considered unfit to earn his Government ration any longer, and will close his military career.

The officers now serving with the battalion are Major R. L. Hippisley (in command), Captain R. S. Curtis, Lieutenant Radcliffe, Lieutenant Godfrey-Faussett, 2nd Lieutenant M. G. E. Manifold, and Surgeon-Lieutenant Morphew.



A CHAT WITH MR. WALTER CRANE.

When this graceful illustrator and "crafty" artist determined a few months ago to leave his country residence and wilderness garden at Shepherd's Bush in order to be in closer touch with town, you might have been sure that he would not seek a flat or a modern villa. The real old Queen Anne mansion in Holland Street, bearing its birth certificate, dated 1764, on the leaden cistern, is quite the house in which you would expect to find him. The hall is at once a sitting-room, furnished with cabinets, antique chairs, and decorated with tapestry. Here and there are specimens of quaint iron and brass work with many art designs, and as you mount the old oak staircase you note that the panelled walls illustrate with many exhibits the same tale of arts and crafts united. The studio faces the street, and presents to an inartistic eye a chaos of lumber, while several empty easels remind you of some of the artist's pictures now at the New Gallery.

"When are we to have another Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Mr. Crane?" I asked, after a few opening remarks.

"Next autumn. We have allowed a year or two to elapse since the last, to give a little breathing time to designers and craftsmen," he replied, as he got up from his chair and stood before the fireplace, his hands in his pockets, and with the air of a man interested in his subject.

"And are you satisfied with the progress of the movement?"

"Fairly well. The public interest has been growing in the arts of design for some years past, and the object we have in view is decidedly gaining ground. What we want is to promote a cultivation of art as directly applicable to the crafts. In the old days a workshop was a laboratory of ideas which put art into practical form. But in these days of competition there is no leisure for creative genius of design: besides, in manufactories a workman is only entrusted with a fraction of the work to be completed. He can take no pleasure in the whole, while the designer is seldom in close touch with the craft for which he works: his art has, therefore, become weak and purposeless."

"And, I suppose, one great object of the exhibition of the arts and crafts is to demonstrate what can and has been done practically in bringing the influence of one on the other?"

"Precisely. Much is apparently expected from the new technical schools: but whether they will be able to infuse new life into manufactures which have become stagnant for want of fresh ideas remains to be seen. Design is as the spring of life to all crafts. We really want to turn the artist into a craftsman and vice-versâ."

"And what have you to say with regard to the amateur art schools?"

"I think they encourage a certain facility of hand and interest in art among the people. They assist in making home-life more beautiful, and so stimulate the growth and culture of art. The real meaning of art is not, perhaps, generally comprehended. It is not the business of art



WALTER CRANE. AFTER G. P. WATTS, R.A.

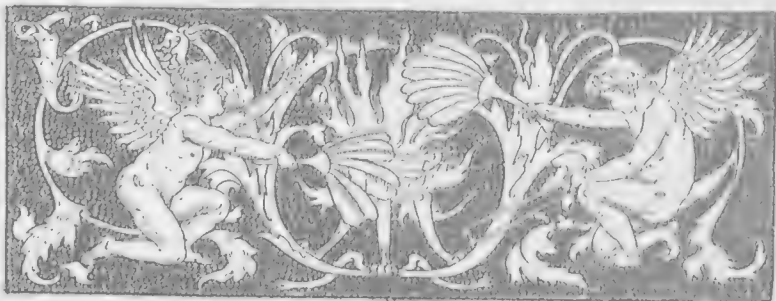
to copy nature. It is easily beaten by photography in certain qualities of lighting and aspect. Our claim as respects art is that it is either a commentary or a creation."

"I believe you are not much in sympathy with the Royal Academy as an art school?"

"No, I am not. I regard it as no more than a guild of picture painters for trade purposes. As for teaching—well, to do them justice, it is at least free, but it has the inevitable weakness belonging to academic methods. There is nothing absolute in art, the forms of which are constantly changing under new methods and conditions. I object especially to the time wasted on working up elaborate stippled studies from the antique, which do not bear on after practice. Then, there is



FINGER-PLATE, HOUSE OF A. A. LOMDIS.



PRINTER'S HEADING.

not much attention given to design, while that most valuable practice of rapid note-taking is totally neglected. No, I do not consider that the Academy is a laboratory of practical art. Of course, it has a certain prestige, and absorbing able artists occasionally, as it does, it is difficult to convince English people of its inadequacy."

"Of course, you have sent something to the British Art Section of the World's Fair, Mr. Crane?"

"Yes, I contributed my allegorical picture 'Freedom,' now pretty well known, I believe—exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885—and some landscapes."

"And what are all these panel designs? Are they by you?" I asked, pointing to some sketches on my right.

"Oh, yes," the artist replied with a smile. "They are panels representing all manner of heroic deeds, all grounded on fact, however, which I am painting for the Red Cross Hall in Southwark, in which Miss Octavia Hill is so much interested. You see, there's a rescue from a fire and another from drowning, while here a man has literally taken the bull by the horns, facilitating the escape of some children." And I bethought me that these were more likely to teach emulation in acts of bravery than the exhibition of the Union Jack in Board Schools, as advocated by Lord Meath.

"And what is that up-to-date banner on the mantelpiece?"

"This is from a design of mine. It is the Home Rule banner worked by Miss Una Taylor, and signed by Parnell. It represents the arms, you may see, of the four Irish provinces."

Then I chanced on the model of a seal, which I picked up among some odds and ends.

"Oh! that, too, is my design. It is the common seal of the London County Council

FINGER-PLATE.
HOUSE OF A. A. LOMDES.

now in use," he replied. "And this seal led me to ask, 'And what do you think of the new coinage?'"

"It is a decided improvement as regards the Queen's head, at least, but there is no pluck in the modelling or the design of the heraldry, and the lettering is not of a fine type. I think it would have been better had the competition been open to others besides Royal Academicians."

"But then some foreigner might have gained the award of merit?"

"Well, if it happened to be the best design, I cannot say that

I should share in the disapprobation your tone implies at such a contingency." But as I did not think it prudent to touch upon politics, on which I knew Mr. Crane held some rather strong views, I changed the subject, and began to stroll about as one does where art subjects are to be met with at every turn. I wandered presently into the



A BOOK-PLATE DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.

back studio with the artist, and came across the original drawing of that artistic group, "The Triumph of Spring," and renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Crane's designs for the illustration of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour." Naturally, the subject led on to remarks with respect to similar work, as I turned over the pages of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "A Wonder Book," illustrated by Walter Crane and published last Christmas; and the American author's "Tanglewood Stories" are being treated in like manner with most marvellous conceits. On the grand piano—for Mr. Crane loves music to be played to him while he works—I found some very spirited coloured sketches of battle scenes done by Mr. Crane's little son, who, possibly, may become one of these days a special war artist.

At length I took my leave, but not before I had begged for a few examples of Mr. Crane's style of work to illustrate this page.—T. H. L.



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR ONE OF THE PAGES OF "QUEEN SUMMER."



TRACING OF CABINET PANEL.



"If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

"The Merchant of Venice," Act iii., Scene 2.

MR. CHARLES COBORN.

TEN MINUTES WITH THE BANK-SMASHER.

"Come upstairs to my sanctum," said Charles Coborn when I told him my errand. "It's a bit high up—as near heaven as we can hope to get



Photo by E. Geering, Aberdeen.

MR. CHARLES COBORN.

to-day," and his keen eyes twinkled with merriment under his bushy eyebrows. "I'm rather busy arranging a provincial tour, but you're welcome all the same," he continued, as we mounted the stairs. But the ascent was no great matter, only to the second floor. Here I discovered that doing a certain number of "turns" at the music-halls and pocketing almost the income of a Cabinet Minister do not alone make up the life of a comic singer. Charles Coborn's snuggery had quite an official

appearance, hung round as it was with playbills and programmes, photographs and caricatures. At a desk sat the secretary of the "Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" busily writing, his pianist was putting a finishing touch to some music at another, and Mr. Coborn's brother was equally hard at work posting up the scrap-book, while his "dresser" evidently had other duties than "wiggling" his master.

"We're going to give music-hall entertainments in the theatres up



Photo by T. Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.

SINGING "HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM."

north, in Liverpool, Aberdeen, Dundee, and so on. Perhaps it won't please some people, and it may raise discussion. However, we shall go on all the same, for I'm determined to show the catholicism of my calling," Mr. Coborn remarked, with the quiet, persistent air of a dogged Scot. For it is pretty well known, I suppose, that Mr. Coborn is a Cockney to the extent only that he chose the Coborn Road at Bow for his godfather.

"It looked such a nice round-sounding sort of a name, as I stood



Photo by T. Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.

SINGING "BIVONS SEC."



Photo by T. Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.

MR. COBORN AS "TOMMY ATKINS."

one day at the corner of the street, that I determined to 'take it on,' he remarked when I alluded to the fact.

"Well, what's to be the next sensational song?" I presently inquired of the author of "Two Lovely Black Eyes," &c., as we left the office to its business and descended to the dining-room, where pictures, porcelain, and pottery made a brave show.

"Ah, that's just it. Good comic songs are like big diamonds."

"And where do you delve for yours, Mr. Coborn?"

"Oh, anywhere and everywhere. However, I don't believe in always going in for harrowing people's feelings; the 'sporting' gent' and the jaded City man don't want that sort of thing. I generally aim at representing phases of life not of the ordinary stage type in a spirit of satirical fun, which I hope seldom gives offence."

"I suppose you are pretty well plagued with suggestions and songs?"

"Good gracious me! yes. They come from all sorts of people—from curates, journalists, 'excited politicians,' factory lads, &c., all assuring me that I have only to sing their songs to gain unfading laurels; but I find the regular song-writers are, after all, the most reliable, as they really have some knowledge of stage requirements."

"And how do you compose your own?"

"I have not written much lately. When I do, I generally hit on a title or 'catch phrase' first of all. I next plan out the chorus or refrain: then, perhaps, I may sit back in my chair and consider how



Photo by T. Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.

MR. COBORN AS A VETERAN.

much interest I can squeeze into three verses—of course, using the old dog-eared topics of mothers-in-law, magistrates, paupers, and Prime Ministers. Then, over all I pour something which resembles a tune, and serve up with sauce—oh, yes, with 'sauce,' and plenty of it."

"And in what position do we now stand, do you think, as regards progress in music-hall lyrical literature?"

"I think the modern songs are no better, if as good, as those of twenty years ago, such songs, for instance, as were sung by Arthur Lloyd, George Leybourne, and Fred Albert."

"I think you have been some time before the public, have you not, though you don't look more than forty?"

"That's my age to a year. I came out at the Oxford in '79, and at once I 'caught on,' among other items, in a coster song, in which I imitated street cries. I was also very successful as an 'inebriate' and in personating a Frenchman."

"That I can well understand, for I have often been struck by your wonderful accent. Where did you pick it up?"

"Oh! here in London. One of my most taking songs, 'Buvons Sec,' I used to sing at the music-hall matinées at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1881, before I had ever been in Paris, where, by-the-way, they have been good enough to call me 'Le Paulus de Londres.' Many of my songs I have introduced into pantomime business at Her Majesty's, the Britannia, and the Theatre Royal at Birmingham. There I played, among others, in 'The Queen of Hearts,' and in 'Mother Shipton' I was assigned the finest witch part ever written, I should fancy, with a 'curse' worthy of 'Leah.'"

At this juncture Mr. Coborn's brougham was announced to bear him off to a charity matinée, and his interesting reminiscences had to be brought to a close.

T. H. L.

THAMES AITS.

The kingfisher has flown far away from the Trowlocks. No longer the youth of Teddington misses the piping snipe to hit the silly sheep. There was once a porpoise that found his way as far up as Isleworth ferry. The Twickenham strawberries in years ago were brought down to Convent Garden in hooded boats. In days of yore flourished "oldest inhabitants" who dimly remembered when the Cobden and Experiment first puffed along with their strings of barges for tail-ends. Alas! these are but mere traditions of a buried past. And the quaint old riverside inn! 'Tis nearly forty years ago that Dickens sang its praises. "Pleasant white, clean, flower-pot decorated bed-rooms, overlooking the river, and the ferry and the green aits, and the church spire and the country bridge, and the peerless Emma with the bright eyes and the pretty smile, who waited—bless her!—with a natural grace that would have converted Bluebeard."

Heyday! Monsieur Dickens, how everything has changed since then, and we with it! In place of the comely landlady is a young lady with artificial golden locks, who dispenses refreshments behind an imitation Spiers and Pond bar. In lieu of the peerless Emma is a Teutonic waiter, who juggles with the change, and can never find a time-table when you want one.

Yet, if you note, Dickens mentions the "green ait." The ait still rests on the calm bosom of the tide, a symbol of a former quietude, undisturbed by launch whistles, banjo-playing, cornets, and cads with concertinas.

As to Chiswick Ait, it is to be wondered whether there was a free space amidst the osiers where the ingenious Mr. Hogarth may have sat down to smoke the pipe of well-earned peace—to the writer it is always associated more or less with a strong current and a still stronger malarious odour. With regard to the isle of Brentford in days ago, it may have been famous for mild ferreting. Speed onward, then, to ancient Thistleworth. The view of the village, the red roof-tops seen above the stems of the osiers, owes all its charm to the presence of the ait. And the tiny isles off Richmond! What sad and happy eyes must have gazed on you! The poor Queen of Oude many a time and oft, doubtless, saw the big willow from her upper windows. Lord Ranelagh, Gruncisen, my Lord Kilmorey, the widow of Sam Slick—all must have noticed the fast-anchored bits of verdure.

But not another line *à la* Baedeker! Think of the aits beneath the Quarry Woods. Perchance they are haunted by the spirit of Fred Walker, sunset poet of painters. And Pinwell and Houghton, did you not love the pleasant coolness beneath the drooping willows? One would like to meander on about the shade of Walker. 'Twould be rather an unromantic spectre. His soul may have been made of poetry, but the clothes of the little genius were always built in the most horsey style imaginable. By-the-way—alack for sentiment!—the famous picture of our R.A.'s on the Upper Thames has found itself among the Schwäbe collection in the museum of Hamburg. Well, well!

It is pleasant enough now to punt lazily on the shallows beside the aits. What fairer fate in the world than to have to pass one's summer lying under a Jap umbrella, smoking a sweet French briar, on a tiny islet, while, almost unaware that it ever existed, the river glides by like a half-forgotten dream? Let the dragon fly buzz and whirr as he may; let the silver dace spring from the stream and throw up a dainty shower of sparkling jewels; let the lark sing; let the tinkle of the scythe-whetting of the merry mowers come across the hay-scented meadows—*n'importe*. You can "muse and dream by lazy stream," drift, drift, drift into Sleepy-land, until awakened by an exploring beetle or a midge stinging your wrist.

Do you like Nonnenwerth? (Oh! the cherry pudding on the Rhine boat.) Have you steamed through the Hundred Islands? (Oh! the splendid beer, the jam, and bread-and-butter.) Chillon and all the rest of 'em; none are equal to the Thames ait. What a happy home of idleness it always is! Apropos of this sort of thing, it was on an ait that, thoroughly submissive to its influence, a dear friend made remark, "Don't you hate fishing?" As he was not agreed with, he calmly continued, turning over on his back, "Supposing you get a bite," and then adding, "if you do, you've got to pull the blessed thing out," closed his eyes and sank into a gentle, baby-like slumber.

It is somewhat curious, but none of our *vers de société* men have chosen the ait as the subject of their verse. Perhaps the very mention of the name compels them to fall off into a half dose. This must be the reason and nothing else. How many easy ways there would be of starting—"The burdock by the mellowed reeds," "When robin's eyes so shyly peep," "The silver osier's waving stem." With a rhyming dictionary and Dickens's "Guide," and just a trot through "The Gamekeeper at Home," any linendraper's assistant of ordinary ability ought to be able to work it.

But though its praises remain unsung, yet have they been on the lips of many a silent poet. Still, all the same, why not have a try—say Mr. Ashby-Sterry? Mr. Austin Dobson, what have you been about all this long time? Pardon, Mr. Andrew Lang, but you love to fish in other waters; it is no use asking. "The Thames Ait," subject for a verse competition, prize £100. That is the only way to bring about the desired result.

A. T. P.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A QUESTION OF TASTE.—MONTAGU BARSTOW.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



SYMPATHY.—ALICE E. MANLY.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



A LADY AND CHILD.—JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



PEG WOFFINGTON.—WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



UN JOUR DE FÊTE À L'ÉCOLE.—J. GEOFFROY.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

That accomplished art critic "M. H. S." has been tilting against the South Kensington Museum with more than Quixotic fervour. It seems that something more than a month ago—it is immaterial to discover the precise date—he alleged that an official of the Museum had bought, on his own account, a pair of "wonderful Persian bookbindings" for the sum of £25, that his chief, declining to appreciate the loveliness of the work, refused to purchase it, and it forthwith passed from the hands of the intelligent official into the hands of a dealer, from whom, at a late hour, and owing to the personal interference of one of "My Lords," they were rebought "for several times the price at which the originals were offered."

In language approaching to this the original charge was formulated, and was promptly and sweepingly denied by Sir John Donnelly, who declared that the whole suggestion was utterly devoid of foundation. As a matter of fact, perhaps so sweeping an assertion was somewhat too hastily, too inconsiderately declared; there was some foundation, but it is, perhaps, something of a pity that "M. H. S." should have made charges so precise and severe, which were capable of whittling down to the modest counter-statement made by Mr. Purdon Clarke, one of Sir John Donnelly's subordinates.

According to that gentleman, there were two bookbindings which had been made by workmen from the Court of Delhi in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886. They were by no means, it appears, "wonderful Persian bookbindings," but were interesting more as "historical evidences" than as anything else, "they being inferior to many of the Persian bookbindings in the Museum." Mr. Clarke did propose their purchase, but, for some reason or another, they were not entered on the list of selections from the Exhibition—a list, be it noted, for which Mr. Clarke, jointly with other officials, was certainly responsible. Mr. Clarke, indeed, purchased them himself, not for £25, but for £7, and afterwards parted with them for the same sum to Mr. Donaldson. It seems, however, that Lord Carlisle has recently recommended the purchase of specimens such as these, but that no steps have hitherto been taken to obtain them. "M. H. S." now retorts that he is now "informed" that the present price asked is, not £25 several



THE SCHOOLMASTER.—T. S. GOOD.
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

times over, but £16, which, compared to the price asked several years ago, certainly implies, if the specimens are now purchased, a comparative loss. When, however, one remembers the universally transitional states through which the prices for fancy work are ever passing, that will scarcely cause wonder. Seeing all these facts, therefore, one is not altogether surprised that Sir John Donnelly was somewhat indignant, although, perhaps, he expressed his indignation a little rashly.

The recent sale of Mr. Ford Madox Brown's painting which won the Liverpool Academy prize of £50 some forty years ago—"Christ Washing Peter's Feet"—has brought into prominence a certain form of gossiping art criticism which, perhaps, we should be very much better without. We are told, and with much seriousness, that next to Judas sits a disciple, "for whom Mr. W. M. Rossetti sat"; a little further on "W. Bell Scott is introduced as one of the Twelve"; and "next to a fair-haired apostle, Dante G. Rossetti." Furthermore, St. John occupies the extreme right, "for some part of whose face that of, we think, Miss C. Rossetti served as a model"; and we reach the summit of this extraordinary achievement in the announcement that "for Christ's the face of a still living art critic was adopted." This sort of information may, indeed, be pleasant reading to some minds. With such an essential quarrel is over first principles, and such a quarrel can notoriously never be reconciled. But it is not easy to understand how any man, be he never so reverential, could contemplate without amusement a picture developed in a serious subject, and have the knowledge that in gazing upon the face of Christ he is, in point of fact, admiring (or not) a face familiar to private views and the offices of a London newspaper.

On Wednesday the sale of the justly famous Holford collection of prints and drawings opened at Christie's, and was expected to last until Saturday. It is said, indeed, that Mr. Holford's Rembrandts are probably the finest in the world. Among others mentioned as included in it are "Ephraim Bonus with the Black Ring," "Rembrandt with the Sabre," and "The Hundred Guilder"—all in their first states. When these lines were written the prices paid for this magnificent trio were not published, but they have been valued lately at £5000. Some idea may be gleaned of the peculiar uniqueness of "The Hundred Guilder" when it is on record that only seven first states exist, and that there is not the slightest chance of any among the remaining six ever being offered for sale, all being in the possession of national museums.

There are many who declare, when first they see the fountain at night time which decorates the summit of the Via Nazionale in Rome, that it is the most striking fountain in the world. The myriads of jets spurt circularly inwards towards the central column of water, the whole gleaming like silver flames in the electric light. It is simply conceived, and has a grandeur of effect. Now, that is precisely what Mr. Gilbert's fountain at Piccadilly Circus lacks. One has had time now fully to appreciate its composition, and with each visit one is more convinced of the weariness of too abundant details. The details themselves may be admirable, but in combination they oppress one, and they do not even show the saving grace of such an abundantly detailed work, say, as that other Roman fountain of Trevi, which attracts by the artlessness of its profusion and the folly of its old age. Mr. Gilbert is neither artless, foolish, nor young.

Two particularly interesting shows opened on Saturday at the Fine Art Society's Rooms at New Bond Street. The first is a series of

drawings by Hugh Thomson, illustrating the *Ballad of Beau Brocade*. Mr. Thomson is an artist of so graceful a humour that, though a notice of this collection must necessarily be postponed, such a subject treated by him cannot fail to have a peculiar interest and charm of its own.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—HELENA BLACKBURNE.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.

The second show is a collection of "Landscapes and Flowers in Japan," by Mr. Alfred Parsons. From such an exhibition as this, one also has high expectations, since both the subject and the artist justify such expectation, the one by its possibilities, the other by his past achievement.

Connoisseurs of military scenes will take great interest in the picture of Mr. John Schönberg, exhibited in the Fine Art Gallery (Koekkoek), Piccadilly, which the artist has painted by command of his Majesty the King of Roumania. As special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Schönberg was present at the most important actions during the Russo-Turkish War in 1877, and had therefore the best opportunity as an eye-witness to make his pictures and sketches true to nature. Recognising this fact, King Charles commissioned Mr. Schönberg to commemorate on canvas scenes and episodes of the war at which the King was present. In the royal gallery at Bucharest the King has already three pictures of the same size, all painted by royal command by Mr. Schönberg, while one, representing the Roumanian army crossing the Danube near Corabia, is nearly finished, and the artist is hard at work on two more pictures, all destined for the royal gallery at Bucharest.

The picture now on exhibition represents the moment when King Charles enters the Grivitza Redoubt, before Plevna, which had been taken from the Turks shortly before, and was being refitted, while at the same time it had to be defended against the repeated sallies of the enemy. The King is surrounded by some of his staff, and listening attentively to Colonel Herkt, commander of the artillery, who reports the general state of affairs, and the activity of the redoubt in particular. The appearance of the King in the very exposed redoubt acted like a charm to the soldiers, and inspired them with fresh courage and confidence. The details of the redoubt were sketched by the artist during the visit of the King. Looking over the parapet, one sees on the hills the different batteries of the enemy, and in the background the Turkish camp of Plevna is dimly visible. The artist has very truly painted the leaden appearance of the sky and the whole dull and rainy aspect.



SAVED.—ALFRED W. STRUTT.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Stead has practically completed his plans for the issue of the new "pocket daily." It will consist of from thirty to forty pages of the same size as the *Review of Reviews*. Illustrations will be freely employed. There will be no betting news and no Stock Exchange news, but space will be given to religious movements. Arrangements are being made for the issue of the paper in five European capitals.

I have seen a letter just received from Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. His household have all suffered severely from influenza, but Mr. Stevenson had kept clear of the trouble at the time of writing. Although, naturally, somewhat depressed, he was writing with undiminished and even increasing energy, having completed another book and made good progress with a new novel, in which, I am happy to say, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne will *not* collaborate.

The last story Mr. Kipling has sent home narrates the experiences of an Alaska seal.

The new publishers, Messrs. McClure and Co., are preparing for publication a new shilling story by Mr. Zangwill, which will be got up in a new and attractive form. Twenty thousand copies of Mr. Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann" were sold on publication, and a second edition was called for.

Marie Ebner von Eschenbach has been a most prolific writer, and her stories are nearly all in tone and subject of a kind that would ensure them popularity in England. Yet they are comparatively little known here. Mrs. Waugh, her latest translator, calls her the Austrian Mrs. Craik, and that is, approximately, a correct enough description. Two of her shorter stories have been put into English by Mrs. Waugh, and form the last volume of the Pseudonym Library, "Two Countesses" (Unwin). They are both good, especially that of Muschi, the "horsey" young countess. She differs in certain respects from the same type in England, and it is amusing enough to note the variations.

Welshmen and those who love Wales should look out for Mr. Tirebuck's new story, "Sweetheart Gwen." Its principal charm is a certain odour of country life which he has known how to give to it. The main theme, the childish love of young Mark, is less pleasing than many of the incidents by the way, than the broken poetic Welsh talk and the eloquent suggestions of Welsh character. Gwen is not a very distinct personage. She is sometimes a "grande dame" and sometimes a hoyden. Neither her nationality nor her personality stands out. But if Mr. Tirebuck has failed to make this heroine stay in our minds like Dorrie, we have, nevertheless, a very clear and charming impression of all Gwen's circumstances and surroundings.

The cat has already had its anthology, and, as every dog has its day, now it is the turn of the dog to have an anthology too. Only English poetry has been put under contribution, but the collection is a large one, larger than its poetical merits alone would justify. But it makes its appeal to dog-lovers rather than to carping literary critics. Mr. Leonard, the compiler of "The Dog in British Poetry" (Nutt), forestalls ridicule by saying that he knows jokes will be made at his book's expense, but that he has no intention of seeing them. So, with much industry and zeal and solemnity, he has gone about his task, dividing his selections into narrative, sporting, elegiac, and so on, and duly annotating and giving parallel passages. He has a wide range, from Blind Harry's tale of the sleuth that was set to track Wallace to Mr. George Meredith's uncouth elegy on Islet the dachs.

Mr. Coventry Patmore has been lately giving to the world the essence of his religious and his poetic creed in a series of essays issued by Messrs. Bell, "Religio Poetae." The essays are likely to raise a howl of execration from sturdy Protestant and democratic critics, who will see in them the plain evidences of a darkened mind.

The sentiments of the essays do, indeed, show an uncompromising conservatism which is rare to-day, and a literal orthodoxy of faith still rarer. But such retrograde opinions and such unquestioning faith are not dangerous. They do not proselytise. The ordinary citizen, who has in his very blood the claim to unlimited private judgment in matters of religion—and in matters poetical, if he thinks these worth his attention—will only be shocked to hear that there is a great deal in both he has no business with and that he was never intended to know. The ordinary retrograde person will be annoyed to have his doctrines set forth so frankly and emphatically, and the philanthropist and those who benefit by him will be grieved to see the little account made of material well-being in Mr. Patmore's view of the Christian purpose.

It is only to a very few outside the Catholic Church, to those who dare look upon themselves as the elect, that Mr. Patmore's mystical religion, with its symbolism for the many, its naked truth for the few, the little handful of poets and saints, will have fascination. Mr. Patmore, like all converts, may be too conscious a Catholic, but Catholics may well own that never since the early Fathers has their case been better stated.

There are some interesting, if not convincing, literary criticisms in the book. The one critical essay where general sympathy will be most with Mr. Patmore is that on Barnes. There is a good deal that is exaggerated in the comments on his poetry, but readers of Barnes will think that in the actual praise there is no exaggeration at all.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has been presenting the prizes at Dumfries Academy, where he was formerly a pupil. He stipulated that he should not be expected to make a speech, but repenting at the last moment, delivered, according to the local paper, "a very happy impromptu address, in thoroughly unconventional manner, but in a somewhat low tone." Among other things, he said, "I remember one prize I got which had rather disastrous results. It was awarded by the girls of the school by *plébiscite* to the boy who had the sweetest smile in the school. The tragic thing was that my smile disappeared that day, and has never been seen since."

The poems of Arthur Henry Hallam and some of his prose have been collected and edited by Mr. Le Gallienne, and published by Messrs. Mathews and Lane. The intention is probably to prove that it was in no mere generous vision of Tennyson's mind that he was the "master-bowman," but that actual achievement as well as the glamour of his personality is reflected in his friend's lament.

Probably in thought and suggestions he was more precocious than his friend, and, indeed, "In Memoriam" is but an idealised version of his own lines—

Oh, may we recognise each other there,
My bosom friend! May we cleave to each other,
And love once more together! Pray for me,
That such may be the glory of our end.

There is much sprightly grace in Mrs. Wiggin's new stories, "A Cathedral Courtship," &c. (Gay and Bird), into which she has woven the fresh impressions, the much-enjoyed experiences of two bright and light-tongued American girls in England. The first one was wooed under the shade of all the English cathedrals, from Winchester to Durham, her elderly chaperon's eye being fixed on towers and transepts and clerestoreys, and oblivion of the young Bostonian architect whose route was so strangely similar to that she had planned for herself and her niece. Architecture made but a hazy impression on the young people's minds, however, and it was not sympathy for Gothic that brought things to a happy climax at last, but the terrors of a strange cow.

The second young American visitor is still more charming. An Englishman woos her, but he has for a rival that formidable cosmopolitan, Art, and while Beresford and this rival are being weighed deliberately in the balance the fair artist retires from the world to a rose-covered cottage near Malvern. Before the young Englishman comes back to see whether his scale is up or down, she has already begun to make the fortune of her needy landlady by organising afternoon teas in the front garden patch, with a scale of charges framed in a spirit of revenge for her own bitter experiences at English hotels. She is so capable as well as so fascinating a heroine that we are glad Beresford wins her for England, and hope that somehow, by means of Mrs. Wiggin or otherwise, we may meet her again.

The last volume of the "Grands Écrivains Français" series in their English dress (Unwin) is, so far, the best. It is a really admirable monograph on Théophile Gautier by Maxime du Camp—a sympathetic study of him as a man, certainly the most intelligent study of him as an artist that has ever appeared. M. du Camp would, no doubt, own he had found a faithful and satisfactory translator, but Gautier could hardly say as much. Mr. Gordon has not trusted himself to turn Gautier's poetry into English verse; he has left it, instead, in honest but very wooden prose. Gautier's poetry—especially his later poetry—is, of course, very difficult to render with grace and accuracy. It needs not only the exact words, but the exact word.

But since the book has been put together with so much collaboration—M. du Camp introduced by Mr. Andrew Lang, and translated by Mr. Gordon—surely a fourth collaborator might have been brought on the scene to perform this very delicate, but not impossible, and wholly necessary work if the artistic delight of Gautier is even to be suggested to English readers.

Mr. Bailey Saunders, already known as the conscientious translator of Schopenhauer, or, at least, of such parts of him as are likely to have piquancy and popularity among general readers, has finished another difficult task. He has put the greater part of Goethe's "Sprüche" into excellent English under the name of Goethe's "Maxims and Reflections" (Macmillan). The "Sprüche" are little known, and many of them very obscure in expression, and they have never been given in English before.

In the selection of the scientific maxims which are still of value or which are of interest as showing Goethe's marvellous foresight, Mr. Saunders had the advantage of the help of his neighbour at Eastbourne, no less eminent a scientific critic and Goethe enthusiast than Professor Huxley. Sir Frederick Leighton has done the like service for those on art.

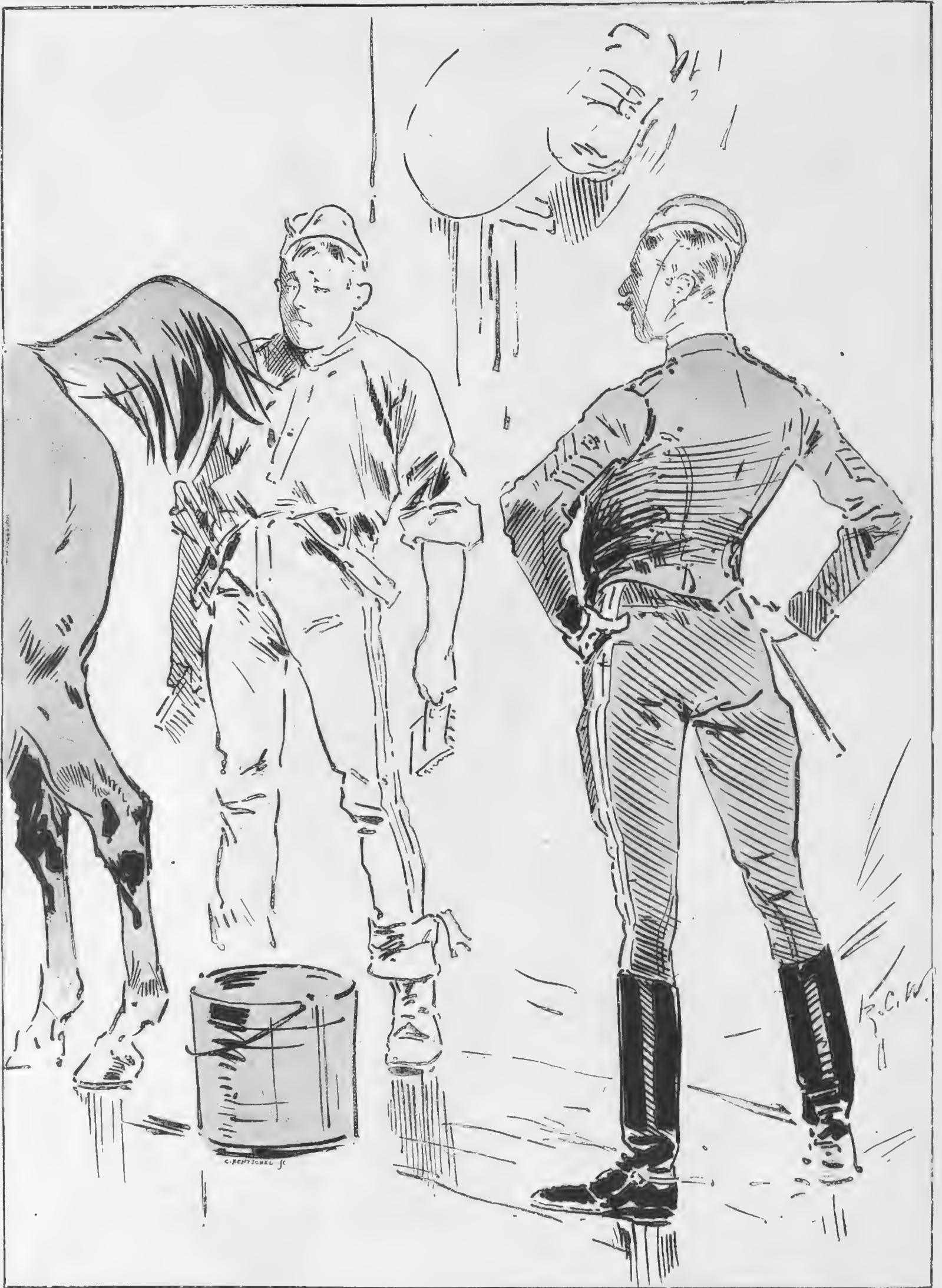
But the maxims of most interest have neither science nor art for their subjects, but life and conduct. These are admirable, and the proof of it is that they are not witty. Witty maxims are the epitome of a mood and but the fractions of a truth, and Goethe made plodding efforts after whole truths. Perhaps more than once, when modern smartness has become weariness to us, we shall turn gratefully to this book and find sustenance in a few, at least, of its six hundred texts for reflection.

O. O.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A NEW MOON.
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



RECRUIT : " Oh ! this is a dog's life ; I wish I was dead."

SERGEANT-MAJOR : " Yes ; I daresay that would just suit a lazy fellow like you, to be lying in his coffin all day long with nothing to do."



"UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT-TREE."



THE GREAT ABDUCTION CASE.

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HORS D'ŒUVRES.

So New Zealand has followed suit at last with a failure of respectable dimensions. There is a healthy rivalry among our colonies, and one is not allowed to outrun another long, though all may outrun the constable. The fact that much English money has gone the wrong way in the Antipodes may cool the ardour of kindred affection; the fact that it will for some time be hard to entice any more cash from John Bull's pocket may be relied on to moderate colonial loyalty. But we may hope, probably, to still preserve the connection with our colonies as long as we remain the most moneyed and trustful of lenders.

The fact is that the glory of that Empire on which the sun never sets has very little to do with the colonies. When a foreigner speaks with envy or admiration of our Empire, he means India, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and various more or less military establishments. He confines his attention to those countries where British rule has succeeded in evolving a fairly stable, consistent, and prosperous state of things. British India, with all its faults, is an edifice not only impressive, but habitable; whereas the West Indies are an interesting ruin, and the Australian Colonies seem most like an overbuilt and jerry-built new suburb.

Both these statements would, of course, be bitterly denied by most persons supposed to be authorities on the colonies. But these persons would seem to belong to a sort of mutual advertisement organisation. There was no difficulty in getting each colony to testify to the prosperity of all the others—less than its own, of course, but still stupendous. Whence comes the spectacle of a row of banks toppling over on each other like the miniature Stonehenge of a child's box of bricks.

It is not the fault of the colonies altogether; it is rather the inherent defect of the relations between small communities with large, undeveloped natural resources and a great State with more money than it knows what to do with. Historians are accustomed to classify our dealings with our colonies under three heads. There was the system of regulation and repression, under which the colony was sacrificed more or less to the home country. This method is supposed to be condemned by its results, in that it brought about the revolt of the North American Colonies. But it seems to have done these colonies no great harm, to judge by their later history.

Then came the time when colonies were neglected, and allowed to go their own way, without either help or interference. And, on the whole, they did not do so very badly then. Lastly came the awakening of interest and sympathy, and the invention of that most misleading phrase "Greater Britain." For the term "Greater Britain" is strictly accurate when applied to Britain *plus* her colonies; but when used, as it commonly is, of those colonies alone it is dangerously false. They are bigger than Britain in superficial area, certainly; but bigness and greatness are different qualities.

It is a favourite allegory to represent the parent country as a human father and the colonies as children. Let us follow out the allegory a little further. Suppose a father were to send out his sons to considerable distances, and were to say to them in effect, "My dear boys, you are your own masters; do just as you like, and remember that you may always overdraw your banking accounts, and I shall be pleased to make good the deficiency." We know what would happen in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; it has happened again, and we are surprised. Why?

I trust no colonial honourable ("so are they all, all honourable men") will feel it his duty to take my scalp for uttering the above mild suggestions. I know it is the sign of a good citizen to exalt his country, and I should think all the better of the Antipodean for maintaining that it is merely the current of his own colony's prosperity that, like an overflowing river, has burst all its banks.

But the temper of the colonial patriot is at times rather too local. His mind is that, not of Greater Britain, but of Greater Pedlington. I remember once having an argument with a colonist about some entirely trivial subject—I think it was Home Rule. A week after the occurrence, I received some ten or twelve pages closely scrawled in aniline pencil, containing an impassioned, and, at times, almost abusive, declamation against the views I had maintained. Evidently the colonial mind had been brooding on nothing else for all that week, and imagined that I had been doing the same—whereas it was not for some time that I was able to identify even the signature with anybody I remembered.

That is the local way—to brood on a casual slight till it assumes enormous proportions. In Corsica, that most local of all localities, my friend would possibly have laid in wait for me with a gun. Being a civilised and partly de-localised person, he merely deposited his lead on paper instead of concentrating it into a bullet. This amused him and did not hurt me.

Yet Englishmen have no right to reproach even colonists with their locally narrowed sentiments and ideas. Of all men, the Englishman is most bound by local and conventional prejudice—unless he is a Londoner, and even then he may develop a Clapham character, a Peckham patriotism. Australians are merely Englishmen planted in a big new land that has neither memories nor monuments, and bound by circumstances to regard chiefly, if not exclusively, the material side of existence.

But in the ordinary details of life the Englishman is more deficient in adaptability to circumstances than the most narrow-minded of colonists ever was or could be. For centuries have we known that the British Isles are liable to occasional extremes of heat and cold, yet hardly a house has been tolerably warm last winter or tolerably cool this summer. We recognise a need; we see the remedy, and go on our way leaving the gap unfilled. Think of the monumental bulk of prejudice, convention, irrationality, compressed into the average tall hat? Yet there be those that have worn it all through the late torrid weather.

And is it anything but a stupid prejudice that leads us habitually to go to bed in the middle of the night and get up in broad daylight in summer? Why not go to bed at nine or earlier, and rise at four? Think of the sums we should save in gas alone! And it is not as if convention in this matter were founded on long tradition. The latening—to coin a word—of the dinner hour has been steadily proceeding. Once men dined in the "upper circles" before noon; then for a time labourer and noble alike fed at midday; then the fashionable hour grew later, till now you shall have an act of melodrama over before the occupants of the stalls deign to come in.

The notion of the "Triple Bill" was devised to catch the extremely late worm of the stalls. He should have his dramatic fare as complete as that of the early bird in the gallery, but, as he paid more, he should have less. Yet I hardly think that the late one is mollified or gratified by such concessions. Probably he rather liked plunging into the midst of a complicated plot without the explanations of the first act.

There was an opera-goer once who happened to leave his seat in the middle of "Philémon et Baucis." He was detained, and only returned when "Cavalleria Rusticana" was in full swing. He much appreciated the tragic end, as showing the Nemesis that attends on hasty wishes, such as those of the aged couple. It would have been a pity to undeceive the worthy man. He had drawn a fine moral lesson from the two operas, of which his genius had made one; and provided you get your fine moral lesson, who cares about the facts?

Which, by-the-way, is the most universal prejudice of all among Englishmen. They never view an object as itself, only as related to familiar objects. For instance, there are many of us whose mind cannot regard a work of art without affixing thereto an imaginary ticket of the price. If they wander through a picture gallery, their thoughts are of the price that this has cost, the price asked for that, the amounts usually got by the painter of the other.

Many a British matron, I fear, when viewing the exhibition of wedding presents at the Imperial Institute, has secretly longed for all to be marked in plain figures. MARMITON.

UMBRELLAS IN CALCUTTA.

Umbrellas, an Indian paper says, still hold their place among the principal minor articles of import in Calcutta. Last year alone over two and a-quarter millions were imported, the total value amounting to nearly twenty-one lacs of rupees. This, it will be seen, is at the rate of a little less than one rupee apiece. As compared with the cost of the corresponding article in Europe, this is not at first sight an unreasonable charge, but it seems that a considerable profit is made on the 12-anna article. The returns of the past quinquennium show that India can take at present rates a round 2,000,000 umbrellas per annum. This gives only one umbrella per annum to every 140 individuals. From the multiplicity of the uses to which the umbrella is put in India, it is very doubtful whether the commoner sort can outlive a year. By day it is at once an umbrella and a sunshade, by night apparently a moonshade, if we may coin the word, and when the sky is overcast it is a shelter against something else, of which the Western intelligence has no cognisance.

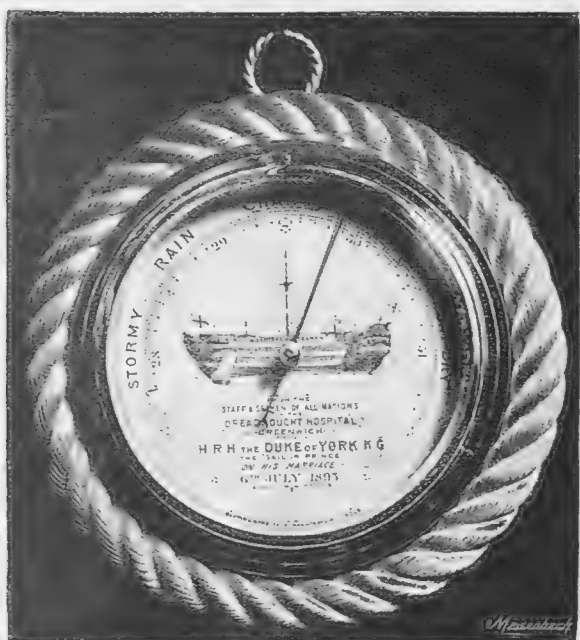
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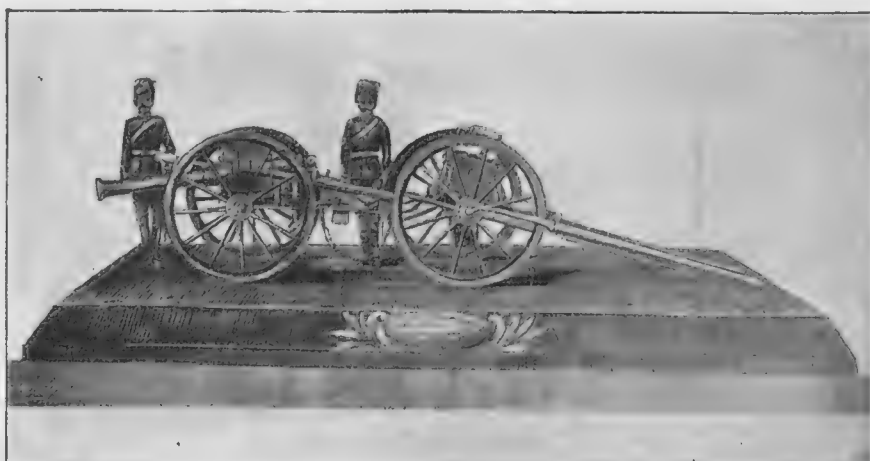
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Mariani Wine would take up more space than we can devote to it, however convincing such a recapitulation



HENRY IRVING.

would be. We have, to begin with, Gounod, the composer of so many entrancing melodies, who writes to Mr. Mariani to congratulate him on his "admirable wine, which has so often rescued me from exhaustion";



AMBROSE THOMAS.

Mr. Henry Irving, the unrivalled exponent of histrionic art in this country, who "has found it excellent, and

is well convinced of its quality"; Mr. Ambrose Thomas, the inimitable operatic composer, and the Director of the Paris *Conservatoire*, who has so largely contributed to raise musical art in France to its present position, and who declares himself constrained by feelings of gratitude "to sing the praises of the Mariani Wine." To select one other name from the domain of the theatre, M. Victorien Sardou, the prince of dramatic authors, proclaims in poetic rhythm that one is tempted to feel unwell and depressed in order to have an excuse for resorting to Mariani Wine, "so agreeable to the palate is this unfailing tonic."

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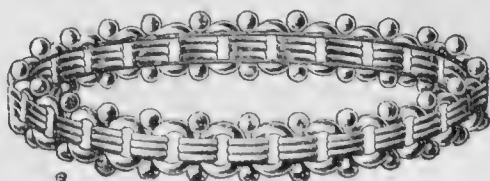


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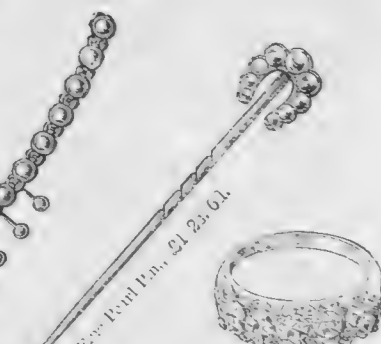


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MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. ITS PRACTICE IN THE METROPOLIS.

BY S. J. MACKIE, ESQ.

(Science Correspondent of the "Standard," London.)

What are the conditions of the Practice of Medical Electricity in the Metropolis and generally in England as well as abroad at the present time is an inquiry which, if followed out faithfully and legitimately,



MR. C. B. HARNESS.

President, Medical Battery Company, Limited.

should have much practical value in its results. The inquiry cannot, however, be properly conducted without an independence of professional trammels; and, at the same time, there should be a happy combination of certain qualifications in the investigator to bring his undertaking to a successful issue. One essential, it is obvious, must be that he is sufficiently well known and trusted by those he has to approach in order to gain confidential access to the objects of his study.

Having been for twenty-five years the science correspondent of the *Standard*, and previously for four years in charge of the science department of the *London Review*—having, indeed, from my youth upwards been engaged in scientific literature, I have had a diversified experience of more than half a century, which ought in some degree to qualify me for the attempt.

Sources of information and access to persons and places have thus become open to me, and many welcome and willing aids have usually accompanied my pursuits. But the path before me is not a smooth one, and the end alone will justify the venture.

For years upon years Medical Electricity has been before the public in various phases, and has been most largely practised outside the medical profession, which has, in this country at least, opposed and neglected its use and its capabilities. Its members are not generally trained in matters electrical as they are in chemistry: while electricians, who deal with powerful currents for lighting and motor purposes, have had no inclination for inquiring into the effects of the feeble quantities which physiologists employ for therapeutic purposes—measurable only in the thousandth part of the practical engineer's quantity—the milliamperè in the place of the ampère.

My attention was attracted to the subject in 1888, when I paid my first visit to the Electropathic and Zander Institute in Oxford Street, of which Mr. C. B. Harness is the founder and the President. I had gone there for a specific purpose, but on that occasion I was shown a great deal more than I went to see, and it interested me.

The outcome of this influence was that it was suggested by me that Medical Electricity might be well taken as the subject for discussion at one of the evening meetings of the Inventors' Institute, of which I had been since 1834 a Member of Council and Honorary Secretary. The result was that a correspondence followed which led to an invitation to visit the Electropathic and Zander establishment in Oxford Street, and see the whole of the apparatus there, both electrical and mechanical, in actual operation. This invitation was accepted; and on April 15 of the year 1891 the conversation was carried out by the largest gathering of the members on record, everyone present testifying to their interest in the proceedings.

After this personal experience, I have felt that nowhere could the inquiry into the practice of Medical Electricity be more appropriately commenced than at that largest and most complete establishment for which business enterprise and curative processes have already combined to make a world-wide renown.

I was the more disposed to take this course by reason of the scurrilous abuse which had been vented in certain invidious criticisms. The statements of so-called experts in the Courts, as well as in literary criticisms, are either valid or not valid. In the general estimation there is a great deal of laxity in what is called expert evidence; but the serious objection against it is that so little regard is so frequently shown by so many experts for the oaths they have taken to speak the truth. There is no substantial ground for taking a scientist's opinion as evidence. The expert is commonly as much an advocate in scientific tactics as the barrister is in tactics of the law—only the one is on his oath and the other is not.

Criticism, if just, is always useful, and deserves appreciation. Even unjust criticism is useful, if the critic really intends to be honest. Malignant criticism, which is also dishonest, undoubtedly is libellous. But in the present state of the law, how few there are who would involve themselves in a libel suit with even the certain prospect of a successful judgment!

The best and wisest course in public discussions is to meet imputations by a wide propagation of substantial facts founded on faithful inquiries and truthful bases.

I have stated how I became acquainted with the Medical Battery Company, Limited, the owners of the Electropathic and Zander Institute. I have now added a reason why I have essayed, from conscientious motives, to examine into and criticise, as independently and straightforwardly as my experience and intelligence will enable me, the general subject of Medical Electricity at this particular time. It is the subject of many mysteries as well as of many useful phases; and it is a grand field for researches, susceptible of evolving incalculable benefits to the human race and especially to suffering humanity.

The Electropathic and Zander Establishment, in Oxford Street, has no less than eighteen operating-rooms, the furnishing of which with electrical apparatus and the requisite adjuncts may fairly be put at an average of a thousand pounds apiece. It has also the great Zander Gallery, with its sixty mechanical contrivances for exercising the muscles and body in any special manner required for the strengthening of weak parts or the development of healthy reactions. Dynamic electricity lights up the entire place, and the influence machines and dental tools are driven by electric motors. Belts, medical batteries, induction coils, and other electrical apparatus, trusses, dental plates, and various appliances are made on the premises, and are all finished with the greatest neatness. The commercial department employs about fifteen correspondents, skilled in all essential matters, and there is a regular local post-office. The manufacture of Electropathic Belts and appliances is a remarkable business in itself. Beyond this number, and the hands in the other factories, must be added four qualified Medical Consulting Physicians, two qualified Dentists, the heads of the various departments, and the specialists, all at considerable salaries, and the masseurs and masseuses who administer the pleasant electric baths produced by powerful four-plate influence machines—the use of which is in very great demand.

Credit should be given to Mr. Harness for his perseverance and success in extending the realms of Medical Electricity; and encouragement by the medical professions would be more just to him for the services he has indubitably rendered than by an antagonistic apathy, mainly based on official trammels and lack of training in electrical matters.

Regarding the President of the Electropathic and Zander Institute, attention may well be drawn to his many and ingenious patents, which are being utilised with such pronounced success by the Medical Battery Company, Limited. One is astonished at the magnitude of such an establishment organised on a most practical, scientific, and useful basis; but it is next to impossible to gauge the amount of time and capital spent by Mr. Harness and his colleagues in bringing it to such perfection. I believe his first invention was created during the time he held a captain's commission in a London Artillery Regiment, about 1869; but, being ever of a perceptive turn of mind, and having a marked predilection for organisation, his military enthusiasm was superseded by his determination to found an Institute for the treatment of Diseases by Electrical and Mechanical Exercises.

As regards the success of this Institute, it is undoubtedly owing to his practical and energetic character, combined with remarkable perseverance, that he has raised against a storm of prejudice a Medical Electrical Institute which has no equal.

It cannot, therefore, be without public interest as well as to public advantage that reliable knowledge of its many valuable details and its practical attainments should be widely spread; for through the general

absence of accurate information concerning the scientific principles and applications of Medical Electricity, the number of uninformed sceptics is legion. To disperse this darkness is most desirable.

The comparison of what has been accomplished by entirely private enterprise in Oxford Street with what has been done by the whole medical profession collectively in the Metropolis is astounding. In all the public and private hospitals of London there are only two sets of noticeable electrical apparatus employed, the cost of which may be taken at a total estimated value of a few hundreds, as against £100,000 invested by the Electropathic and Zander Institute in Oxford Street.

The only public hospitals which have really practical means of administering electrical treatment are St. Bartholomew's and St. Mary's, Paddington. There are only two or three private establishments deserving of any notice, and the rest have no particular claims to attention.

One cannot help feeling that medical electrical practitioners need and merit greater encouragement and greater scope from the hospital authorities. It is manifest, however, that electricity, in its best medical homes in the Metropolis, is but a subsidiary affair so far as its therapeutic employment is therein concerned.

In both hospitals the bare boards and scant furniture give no idea of comfort for paying invalids. Still less is there anything to compare with the magnificent apparatus at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, which draws its largest support from the wealthy and rich classes of society. There is at this date (Jan. 3, 1893) more advanced and valuable plant in the window of the Oxford Street



THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S INSTITUTE,
52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

establishment than in both the equipments of the hospitals referred to.

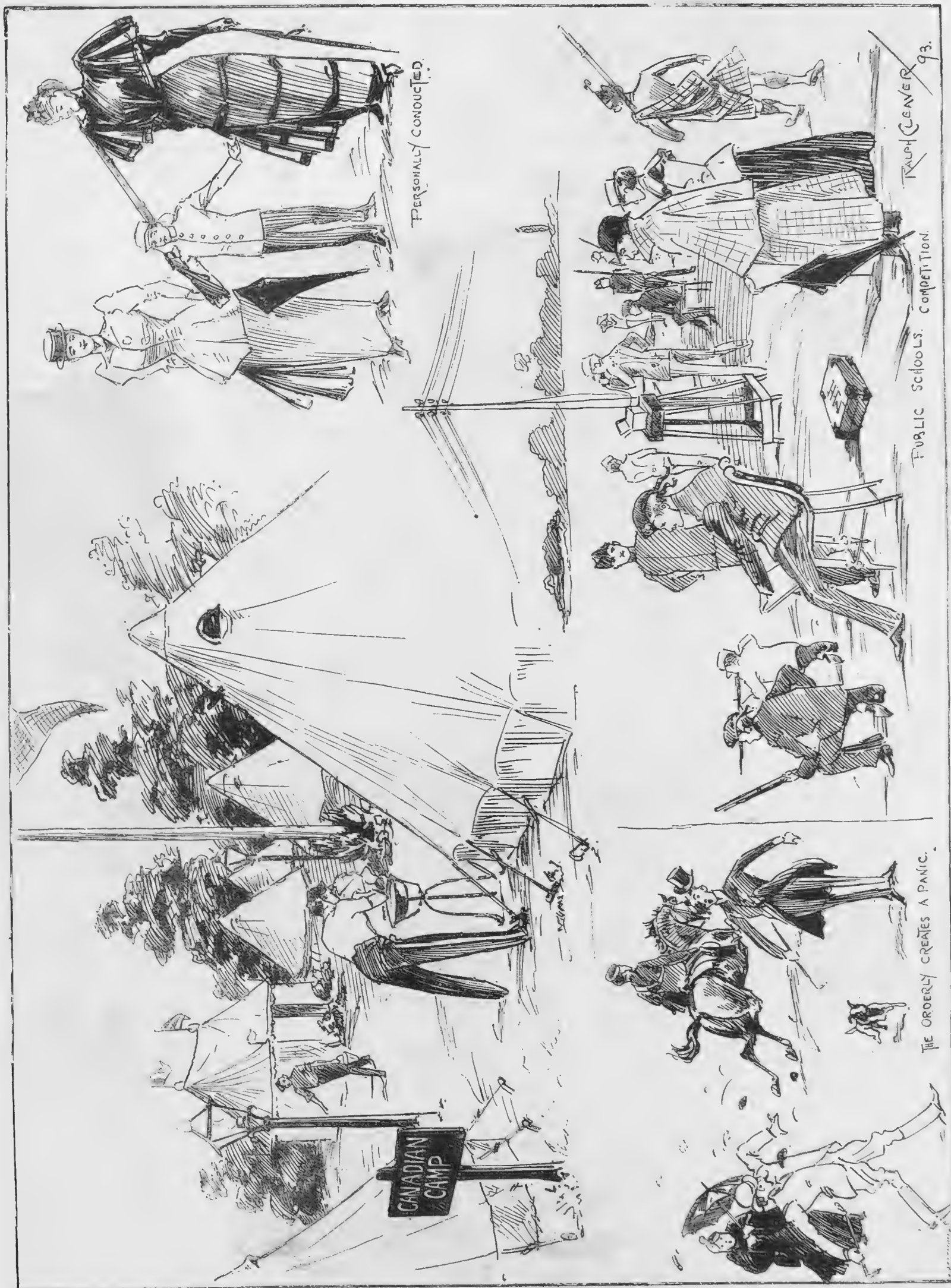
Comparing this survey confirms the report made by M. Lécrau, of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, in July 1888, and published in Mr. Harness's book, "Mild Galvanic Currents"; therefore it is clear that during the last five years no prominent improvement has been made in the hospital electrical departments. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Harness was the pioneer who founded his establishment about 1880. It is much to be deplored that a better appreciation has not been acquired by medical practitioners through honest and authoritative investigation.

It has been kept out of view that the Electropathic Institute has two phases, the one being the Belts, the other the administration of electricity from batteries and machines. The treatments in the latter class are on the same lines as the treatment practised at the hospitals and by the medical practitioners in this country and in France; only that the operations are performed with superior appliances and by trained attendants, both male and female, acting under certified officers.

The fundamental distinguishing feature between the activity of the business firm and the inactivity of the professional physicians is the advertising. The College of Physicians prohibit advertising on the part of their members, so that no new industry is likely to be raised by their hands.

The sale of Electropathic Belt appliances by the Medical Battery Company is very large—an extensive demand has been going on for fifteen years, and we may reckon that if those many thousands who in the course of that period have been supplied had been deceived by the palming upon them of a worthless thing, the clamour of the disaffected would have drowned the noise of all the advertising drums that could have been beaten. On the contrary, the Company has a book of testimonials, including thousands of letters from persons of all ranks and social status, certifying to the actual benefits derived from the use of their Electropathic Belts.

Mackie



OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I want you, with the help of the accompanying sketch, to imagine a gown of pale leaf-green silk, veiled with white spotted muslin. The skirt is edged with a narrow frill, and the draped bodice is arranged with a frilled fichu of white chiffon, the puffed sleeves being finished off at the elbow with a deep frill of muslin. Round the waist is a gracefully draped sash of leaf-green silk, tied in a loose bow at the left side, the long ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. The large picture hat is of coarse white straw, the brim lined with velvet of the same shade of green as the silk; while the trimming consists of white ostrich plumes and twists of velvet. In my opinion, this dress would be simply perfect for a garden party, a wedding, or any equally festive occasion, the blending of white and green making a delightful bit of colouring which in its cool daintiness is positively refreshing on a hot day. I hardly think I need tell you that I saw this gown at Liberty's, in Regent Street, for it proclaims their name in every graceful fold.

I have put my faith entirely in their productions this week, for I wanted to give you an artistic treat, and I think that in view of these sketches it will be impossible for any of you to cherish the very erroneous idea which some few people still seem to have about Liberty gowns—that is, that they must inevitably be loose, shapeless, eminently artistic, it is true, but at the same time extremely trying. I think that by this time most people have found out that though Messrs. Liberty's productions are all artistic in the highest and truest sense of the word, they have been clever enough to adapt just what is best in the present fashions, leaving out all the exaggeration, and securing a general effect which is as near perfection as anything can be.

In proof of this you have only got to look at the second sketch, which represents a lawn-tennis or boating costume, which is made of tan-coloured Liberty tennis cotton, a material, by-the-way, which washes extremely well. The skirt is perfectly plain, and fits round the waist with a V-shaped belt embroidered with white silk. The tight-fitting blouse of fine white lawn is tucked in front and prettily smocked with tan-coloured silk, the deep cuffs which join the puffs at the elbow being ornamented in the same way. This blouse is absolutely perfect, and can be worn by itself; but a little zouave bodice of the tan cotton is

also provided, the revers, turned-down collar, and shoulder capes being embroidered with white silk. The costume complete is sold at the wonderfully low price of four and a-half guineas, and I am quite certain that no one could wish for a smarter or more becoming dress, while the perfect way in which the smallest detail is carried out, the excellence of the material, and the beauty of the embroidery are all special attributes which invariably distinguish everything which bears the name of Liberty. I must not forget the rustic hat which crowns this gown:

it is of tan-coloured straw, the brim lined with gathered white silk, and the trimming consisting of the same material. I think that the sight of this dress would remove the last lingering doubt as to the adaptability of Liberty costumes for any and every style.

Next we have a charming visiting or afternoon gown of café-au-lait wool crêpe, the draped bodice edged with a band of embroidered crêpon, and showing a yoke of the palest rose-pink silk daintily smocked. The revers, shoulder capes, and cuffs are all ornamented with beautiful embroidery in silk of the same colour, and a finishing touch is given by a hat of café-au-lait silk, the brim lined with velvet, and a twist of rose-pink velvet resting on the hair. The ostrich plumes, which form the only trimming, are of the same delicate shade of fawn, touched with pink. To add to the attractions of this dress, I will just tell you that it is only six guineas.

The last sketch represents one of the Liberty blouses, which are veritable things of beauty, besides being exquisitely cool and comfortable. This particular one is of white chiffon, with a crinkled satin stripe, and is draped becomingly across the figure, tying at the back in a large bow. The sleeves are arranged in two puffs to the elbow, and are finished off at the wrist with a draped band and rosette, while the graceful shoulder frills complete the effect.

So much for the sketches; but I cannot tear myself away from such a fascinating subject till I have told you of just a few more of the lovely things upon which I feasted my eyes in Messrs. Liberty's equally lovely showrooms. There was a particularly charming morning gown of soft Liberty silk in the palest shade of vieux rose, brocaded with a floral design in a tender shade of green. It was smocked at the neck, the loose front being confined by a girdle and tassels of silk in the two colours, and the back being arranged in Watteau pleats. The pleated collar showed glimpses of green silk lining, and the sleeves, which were

[Continued on page 669.]



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Children's Bordered, 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' " 2/3 "
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Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11; 2 1/2 yds. by 3 yds., 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/2d.

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This article is used with soap and water in the daily ablutions just as an ordinary washing glove. It causes a gentle friction (the only real and natural skin preserver), and is consequently unequalled for keeping a firm, clear complexion. Its use renders the skin delightfully fresh, soft, and smooth. It is especially recommended for bathing the delicate skin of infants and children.

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For Everyone, no matter what the occupation. Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our **Rubber Brush** Used with soap and water it will remove all kinds of stains; **Ink, Tar, Iron Stains, and Paint** yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

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We are also the makers of BAILEY'S Celebrated **Rubber Bath & Flesh Brushes**, price 5s. each. **Rubber Tooth Brushes**, price 10d. and 1s. each; and **Teething Rings**, price 5d. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. MANUFACTURED BY
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particularly lovely and graceful, had puffs to the elbow, and a band of smocking, from which fell a deep, pointed frill, lined with green. Then there was a most picturesque house gown made à la Marguerite in vieux rose crêpon, the full skirt perfectly plain, and the corselet bodice edged with an embroidered band. The long, tight-fitting sleeves had puffs at shoulder and elbow of brocaded silk, the yoke and collar being of the same material. For a young girl nothing could be prettier or more quaintly becoming.

If you want a deliciously cool, washing summer gown I should recommend you to see one of brocaded Liberty cotton, an extremely pretty material, which has the appearance of crêpon. The colours were white and green, and the gown was made very simply, the skirt being edged with a frill, and the draped bodice being caught in by a band, fastened with a rosette. A delightful finishing touch was given by a frilled fichu of white lawn, a frill of the same material edging the elbow sleeves. Among the evening gowns I specially noticed one of blue Tabdar satin, the skirt devoid of any trimming, and the tight-fitting bodice embroidered with blue and white silk, and softened with a chemisette of blue gauze. The full sleeves were embroidered to match,



and slashed with puffings of gauze. Another was of soft figured silk in a delicate shade of apricot, the long-waisted bodice made with a gathered vest at back and front of soft gauze, caught in with bands of embroidered silk, and the skirt simply trimmed with a ruche and frill—but there, I must come to an end some time, so I might as well do so gracefully before you are quite tired of me and my sayings.

FLORENCE.

GOLF GARMENTS.

A graceful cape introduced by London tailors for women who play golf has been adopted in New York for various purposes—for yachting, boating, and steamer wear, for the trip to Chicago, and for travelling generally, when it takes the place of an ulster. This is a single large deep cape reaching almost to the knee, made of two very full pieces, each nearly three-quarters of a circle, of great width at the lower end, joined by a sloped seam down the back. It has a useful hood of changeable silk and a collar that buttons under the chin. The feature which gives it name is a pair of straps of the material two inches wide and a yard and an eighth long. Their office is to hold the cape securely when it is thrown back on the shoulders by the wearer.



THE INTERNATIONAL SWIMMING MATCH.

You cannot serve two masters—sport and mammon. James Finney has for some years attempted to play the dual rôle of music-hall artiste and champion swimmer. Before he took to the stage he was a champion swimmer. After the stage claimed him as its own the championship

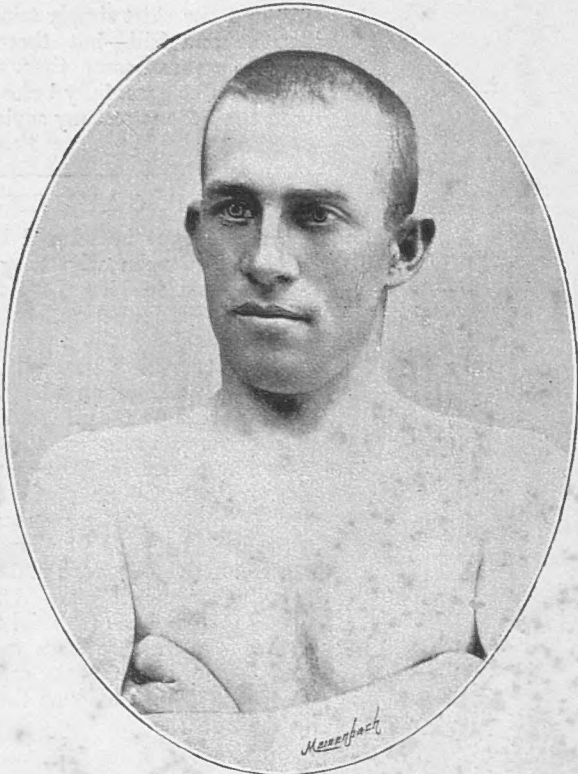


Photo by F. Gregson, Halifax and Blackpool.
J. M'CUSKER.

passed virtually, if not nominally, into other hands. When the American, J. L. M'Cusker, issued a challenge to swim for a stake of £200 a side Finney promptly came forward, although there were undoubtedly superior men in the persons of Nuttall and Creasley. The latter, who has just turned professional, holds the record—28 min. 18 2-5 sec.—for the mile in tidal water. The race between Finney and M'Cusker took place in the sea at Blackpool on Saturday before twenty thousand spectators. Finney had a splendid stern view of his opponent almost all the way. At a hundred yards the American was in front, and

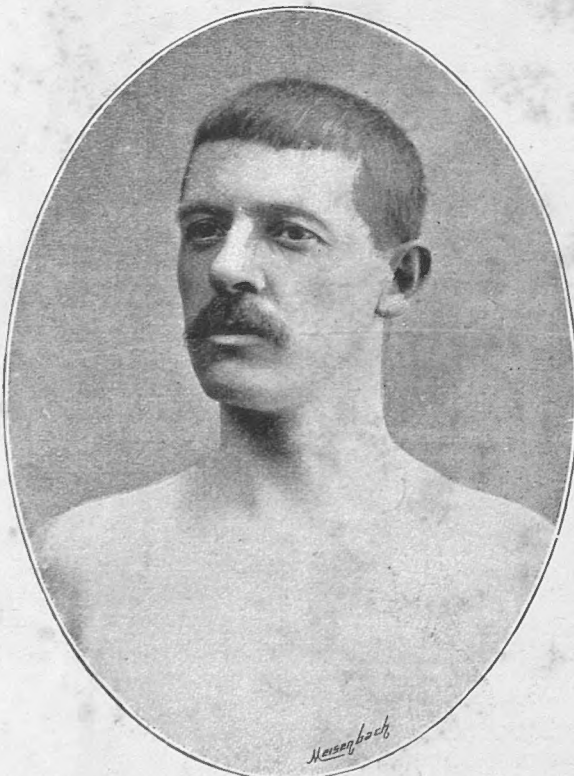


Photo by F. Gregson, Halifax and Blackpool.
J. FINNEY.

he was never afterwards caught again. Cutting through the water in fine style, he drew farther and farther away from his opponent, and in the end won easily enough by some 150 yards, without showing the slightest sign of fatigue. The time of the winner was returned as 33 min. 4 sec., the outward course being against a strong tide.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 15, 1893.

The rumours to which we alluded last week came to a head in less time than we expected when we last wrote to you by the suspension of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company this week; but the air is no clearer, and, if possible, more stories and rumours are passing from mouth to mouth than before the latest, and by no means least disastrous, smash. The absolute loss of confidence and the utter impossibility of renewing loans, deposits, or debentures by any of the Australian Mercantile or Finance Companies is, of course, the cause of the trouble, and, as far as we can see, matters in this direction are not likely to mend until some long period elapses without fresh disasters.

When Lord Herschell's Committee reported on the Indian silver question it was practically certain that not one of the gentlemen who signed the report understood the effect of the measures they were recommending on the trade and finance of the world. No one realised that there would be a depreciation in international and American securities within a fortnight of something like £20,000,000 sterling, that States hitherto solvent, would be brought to bankruptcy by the simple stoppage of the free coinage of silver, and that the effect of the measure would be felt, not in Europe and America only, but throughout the whole world. There is an old saying, dear Sir, about some place where wise men fear to tread, which in this case has been very well exemplified. We have not yet heard of the clamouring millions crowding around the banks in Bombay or Calcutta, and hastening to exchange their sovereigns for fifteen rupees; nor is such a state of affairs by any means imminent, since, so far, not a single Council bill has been sold at the official minimum.

Never on the Stock Exchange has a more disastrous week than the one ending to-day been experienced. The fall in prices has been simply appalling, and has led to absolute and complete disorganisation in every market.

Among Home Rails even a half-yearly return from the Brighton line of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. better dividend than last year, and a carry over of twice as much as in the corresponding period twelve months ago, has no power to stem the tide. No sooner are making up prices agreed than the fall becomes even more accentuated than ever, until we see the very Consols of the American market, like Lake Shores, fall four dollars in a day, after paying the usual dividend of 6 per cent. for the half-year, and having a surplus of 296,799 dollars to carry forward, against 123,666 dollars last year. No wonder we have had nine most disastrous failures, and that so great has become the general distrust that in some markets dealing has been practically at a standstill.

Not many weeks ago we told you that the state of the Stock Exchange was worse than in 1866—worse, indeed, than it had ever been within the memory of any living member. If this was true in May, it is far truer now. During the last account Denver Preference fell over 15, and are worse now. Mexican Sixes, Mexican Rails, Brazilians, even Mysore Gold, all tell the same tale, until men are asking each other whether the time is coming when such things as securities will have ceased to exist and borrowing on stock will be an unknown operation. Seriously speaking, however, dear Sir, we have not seen the end of the present troubles, and no one knows where that end will lead us. In the *Daily Telegraph* of yesterday there was a most able article upon the financial outlook, which we commend to your notice as an interesting and by no means pessimistic view of the position by a man who evidently has opportunities of learning the views of many people in responsible and important places. After the storm there generally comes a few days' quiet, and the week ends less miserably than it began. It is very easy to say the speculator's disaster means the investor's opportunity, and, of course, with sound stocks this is so; but very few of us inside the House would like to tell you that prices had seen bottom, so that if you take advantage of the moment to buy for investment, you must not blame us, dear Sir, because in a few weeks you could have got in cheaper, if, indeed, things so turn out.

The returns of the leading London and provincial banks and discount houses are now nearly complete, and although the Union Discount Company presents almost the only increase in the rate of its distribution, the showing of the whole list is by no means such as you would expect from the drop in the prices of the shares. For instance, to quote only the highest class, London and Westminster Bank shares were 71 this time last year, and are now called 55; London and County shares were 92, and are now 85; while Union Bank of London were 42, and are now about 34. Surely, dear Sir, unless there are still greater financial troubles in store for us, the fall has gone far enough.

A curious point was raised at the meeting of the Trust and Agency Company of Australia yesterday, with respect to a sum of £4000 which was forwarded by cheque to be invested in debentures and lost on the way. The case is a warning to people always to cross their cheques "close" when sending them through the post, for if proper precautions had been taken by Mr. Edwards (the sender) in this case, no one except the company could have obtained the cash, and the lost cheque would simply have been a piece of waste paper.

The Witwatersrand returns for June make a brave show, with a total of 122,907 ounces, being an increase of 6000 ounces over May and 10,000 ounces over April last; but for the moment neither returns nor dividends will induce buying.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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